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OCTOBER 31, 1967

IS THE REVOLUTION DEAD?
by James Burnham

# NATIONAL REVIEW

## 50 YEARS OF SOVIET COMMUNISM

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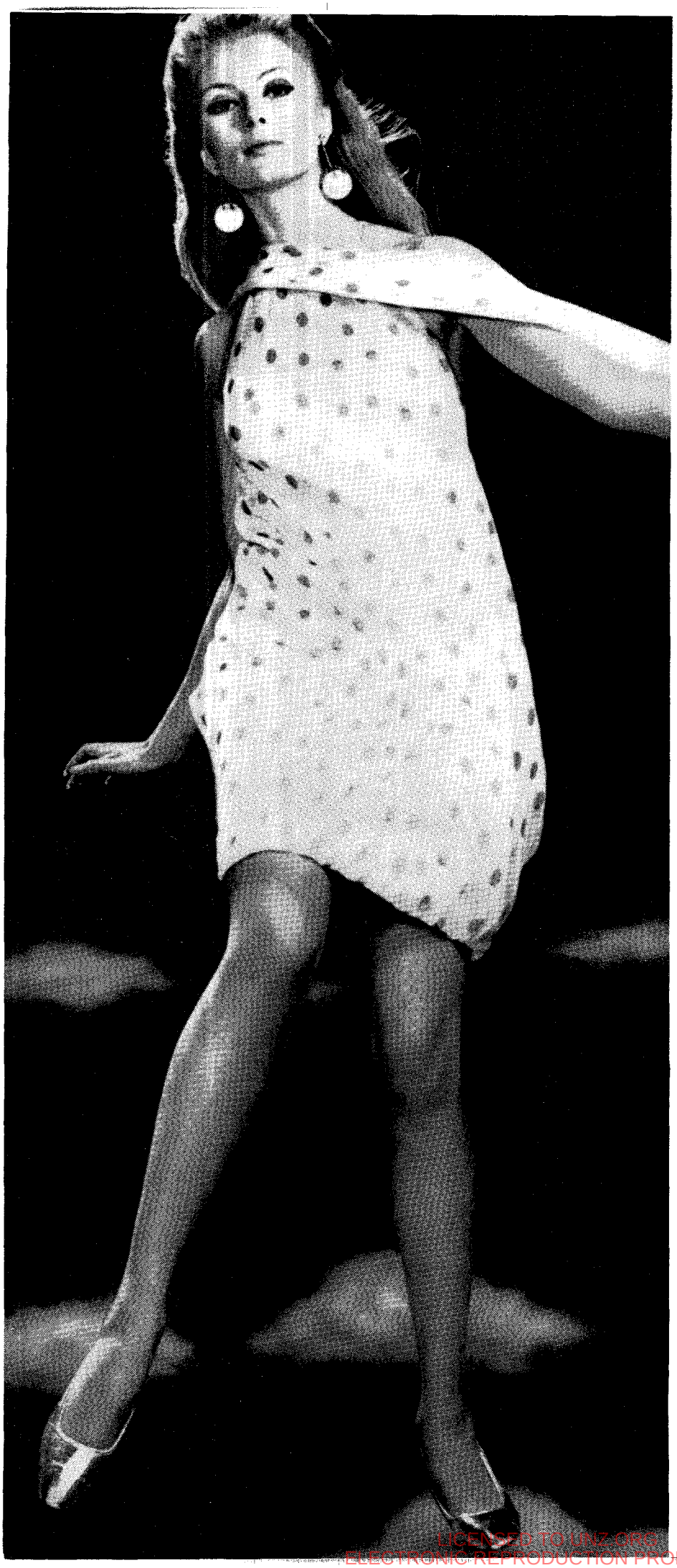

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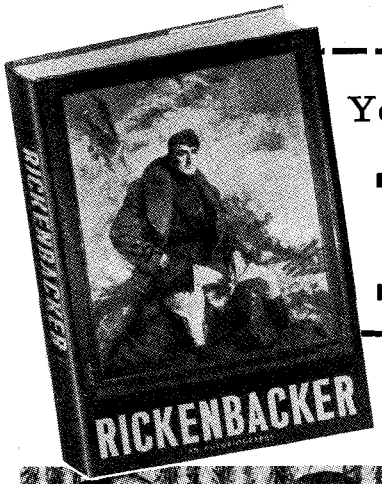


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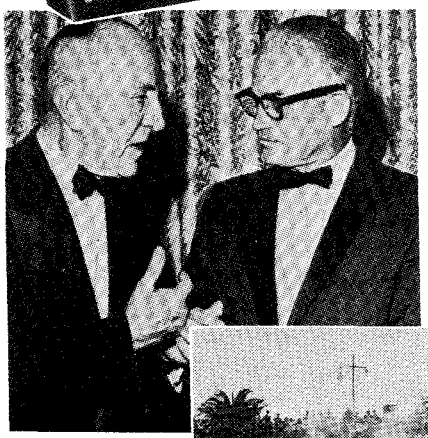

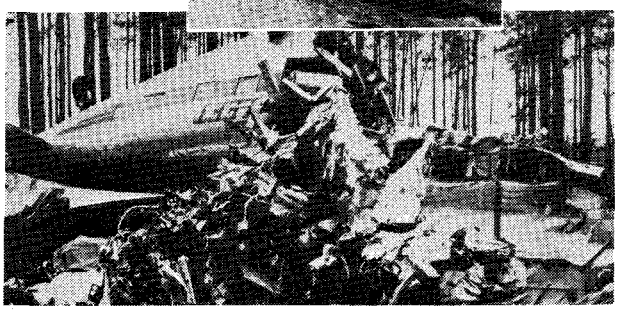

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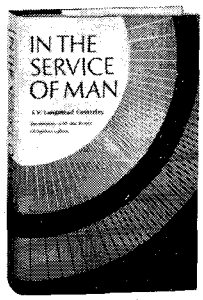


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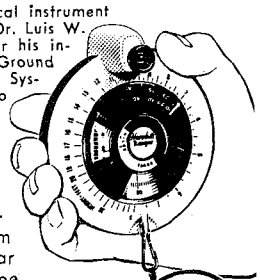

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# IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We have put together some material on the 50th Anniversary of the Soviet Revolution. It seemed obvious to begin by asking: How was it before the Revolution? And for that information we went to **Eugene Lyons,** the distinguished, not to say relentless, observer of Soviet life who fifty years ago as a freshman at CCNY began his interest—first sympathetic, then adamantly hostile—in the Communist order. Everyone interested in Eugene Lyons' entire analysis should read his latest book, *Workers' Paradise Lost, 50 Years of Soviet Communism: A Balance Sheet.* . . . The persecution of all transcendent religions is axiomatic to the Russian faith. But there is something more to account for Communist antisemitism, which has marked Continental leftism since the nineteenth century. **Max Geltman** explains what it is. . . . Father **John Windhausen** of St. Anselm's College gives the chilling figures concerning post-Stalin persecution of Christianity.

➔ The heart of the section is the fifty years as seen through the eyes of those who see most keenly, the artists. All the statistics in the archives of the Kremlin cannot communicate the feel of the last fifty years as vividly as a few words from Koestler, remembered by Chambers in a letter to a friend: 'If you re-read *Darkness at Noon* at this late hour you will see how truly it is a book of poetry. I re-read it recently. I came to the part where, after his breakdown, Rubashov is permitted a few minutes of air in the prison yard. Beside him trots the Central Asian peasant who has been jailed because, 'at the pricking of the children,' the peasant and his wife had barricaded themselves in their house and 'unmasked themselves as reactionaries.' Looking sideways at Rubashov in his sly peasant way, he says: 'I do not think they have left much of Your Honor and me.' Then, in the snow of the prison yard and under the machine-gun towers, he remembers how it was when the snow melted in the mountains of Asia, and flowed in torrents. Then they drove the sheep into the hills, rivers of them, 'so many that Your Honor could not count them all.' I cannot go on reading because I can no longer see the words . . ." Such words, imperishable, unforgettable, are, a few of them, recalled here, from the masterworks of the master witnesses of the past fifty years.

➔ Is the Revolution spent? We present a look at activities in the so-called Third World. The guerrillas here, the infiltrated labor unions there, and the academic indoctrination. We are indebted to **Paul Bethel, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Anthony Harrigan,** Dr. **Ronald Nairn, Prakash Jain**—experts all—for this report on the dogged, wretchedly successful attempts by the Communists to foment hatreds and disillusion and mutual suspicion. Is the Revolution running out of steam? . . . Will it go the way of Orwell? **Constantine FitzGibbon,** who wrote *When the Kissing Had to Stop,* had a nightmare, which he wrote down to commemorate, or better, warn against, the possibility of a certain kind of future, such a future as would surely engulf us if we forget how it was during the first fifty years.

➔ The editors acknowledge with thanks a grant from the American Jewish League Against Communism which made possible this supplement. ➔

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# LETTERS

### *St. Ayn*

The attack on Ayn Rand ["The Gospel According to St. Ayn," Oct. 3] is so inept as to be ludicrous. One reason for this is obviously M. Stanton Evans' blatantly superficial knowledge of his subject.

To point out only two distortions is sufficient to show the extent of his ignorance. 1) In no way, shape or form is the dollar sign an emblem of Miss Rand's philosophy or organization, the Nathaniel Branden Institute. The dollar sign is simply a literary device used in *Atlas Shrugged*. Miss Rand has pointed this out before but, alas, seemingly to no avail. 2) The monthly publication of the Branden Institute is *The Objectivist*, not the *Objectivist Newsletter*. A change in title and format was made over a year ago, one example of the currency of Mr. Evans' knowledge.

Mr. Evans' crowning error, however, is to base his assault on a professedly rational philosophical system using premises based upon a non-rational one, i.e., Christianity. In this totally inadequate description of Miss Rand's philosophy, Mr. Evans almost completely neglects the essential element: rationality. He writes, "Men who submit to the sway of impulse are not free, either psychologically or politically." Men who attack others' ideas without really understanding them are not wise, either.

Mr. Evans writes, "We know Caesaro-Papism, witch-burning and National Council welfarism are wrong for the same reason we know antique slavery, Renaissance despotism, and Communist blood purges are evil: because they conflict with the central precepts of Christian ethical and social teaching." Do we really? Both he and I know that the Christian Bible can be used—and has been used—to justify almost anything. I think the policy of the National Council of Churches is quite consistent with the teachings of Christ. Mr. Evans interprets quite differently and there is the nub of our problem.

True, as Mr. Evans infers, the way is fraught with perils for men who reject God and a supernaturalistic ethical system. But more perilous is an attempt to cling to the mysticism and superstitions of the past that lead inevitably to sects, bigotry, hatred, internecine warfare and, ultimately, a kind of death of the mind. Many of us want to walk our own path with clear eyes and rational minds, aware of the Scyllas and Charybdises, but willing to risk their dangers for the greater rewards of complete integrity to ourselves and to man's rationality. I would suggest that if men like Mr. Evans do not have the courage to face the future without appeal to an imaginary supernatural being, they should step aside. A new generation does have that courage and Ayn Rand—not a saint, but a gifted human being—is leading it.

*New York, N.Y.* ROBERT F. RANDALL

Is it just a coincidence that the word "rational" was used only once in Mr. Evans' description of Miss Rand's Philosophy? I think not.

*Oberlin, Ohio* GERALD RICHARD SPECHT

M. Stanton Evans is adept at building and destroying straw philosophies but his criticisms do not relate to the philosophy of Ayn Rand. Regarding ethics Mr. Evans says: "Her ultimate standard of value, whence all else is to be derived, is thus the physical survival of the individual organism." This standard he refutes at length.

But Ayn Rand says: "The standard of value of the Ojectivist ethics—the standard by which one judges what is good or evil—is *man's life*, or: that which is required for man's survival *qua* man." Referring to this she says: "It does not mean a *momentary* or a mere *physical* survival." (Ayn Rand, "The Objectivist Ethics"—*The Virtue of Selfishness*, 1961: all emphasis hers.)

This is only one of the many gross distortions in Mr. Evans' article. Intellectual dishonesty of this magnitude is unbecoming even to a devout Christian.

*Palm Desert, Cal.* HARRY READER

"Isn't the man who gambles, drinks, speculates or otherwise squanders time and resources on his own pursuits at the expense of his family acting out his own selfish vision of his life's fulfilment? And could not anyone who wanted to neglect his family justify his behavior in terms of Miss Rand's 'survival' ethic?"

The man described by Mr. Evans is acting subjectively. It may be true that he doesn't give a damn for anyone else but it is also true that he doesn't give a damn for himself. He is not a selfish man; he is a selfless man; he is destroying himself. A man who is destroying himself is not in any manner, shape, or form acting rationally and therefore can't be acting in his best interests. The opposite is true. He is acting against himself in his every action. He is completely selfless, caring neither for himself, others, or anything in particular. The modern-day hippie is a perfect example of this type of person.

It is a pity that you so-called champions of capitalism and freedom can find nothing better to print than an attack on the greatest champion of capitalism, freedom, and individual rights that America has ever had the benefit of hearing—Ayn Rand.

*Brooklyn, N.Y.* ROBERT CASSELLA

I would like to compliment M. Stanton Evans on an objective view of Objectivism by a non-Objectivist. However, I am afraid that his understanding of Ayn Rand's philosophy breaks down precisely at the points where he criticizes it.

Contrary to accepting the "liberal history lesson," Ayn Rand asserts that the "comparative degree of political freedom" in Ancient Greece was the exception, not the rule. Pre-capitalist societies were ruled by faith and force and the mass of men gained first freedom with the Industrial Revolution.

The life of the average medieval individual was short and brutal. What was important was his soul's relation to God, and men were quite willing to destroy each other's bodies to save their souls. Religious freedom was *not* characteristic of the Middle Ages.

Ayn Rand's statement about the exemption of society from morality is from a discussion of the fact that society, as State or Church, has been the source of moral law. When the State was subject to morality, it was because the Church was supreme. Man's life belonged either to others or to God, never to himself. The revolution of the Constitution was not subordination of government to the governed, but the denial of the subordination of man to men.

Finally, are the modern collectivisms really atheistic? Have they rather made a god of man, or rather the ideal of man in some Witch Doctor's mind?

*Worcester, Mass.* DONALD RICHMOND

"The Gospel According to Ayn Rand" by M. Stanton Evans was brilliant, entertaining, and long overdue. It has been rather difficult as a conservative and a ministerial student to qualify and define my attachment to the Randian philosophy while maintaining strict adherence to Biblical Christianity. I have discovered, however, that I am not alone, a phenomenon which Mr. Evans explains quite satisfactorily.

Mr. Evans has failed, however, to give Miss Rand due credit in several impor-

**(Continued on p. 1220)**



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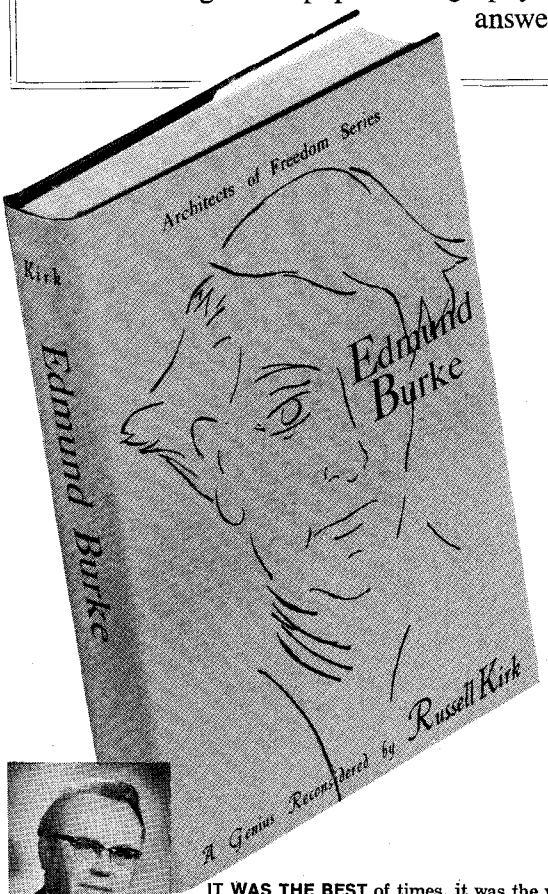


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# The WEEK

● On the scene of some of the most bitter fighting, an imposing 250-foot statue commemorating the 25th anniversary of the Battle of Stalingrad has just been dedicated—at Volgograd.

● William Sloane Coffin the Last (we can only hope) has now divulged that he is considering advising those students at Yale who in their desperation still turn to him for advice, that they should consider returning their draft cards to their local boards. The Reverend's thoughts do not even have the bracing feel of the pure, and somehow purifying, passion of young whatshisname who burned his draft card a while ago and went off to jail. They won't send the Reverend to jail, whence he would make a most fearsome noise. And anyway, the Reverend is a coony idealist, who knows that the Supreme Court could probably be paralyzed forever in arguments between a *malum prohibitum* (returning the draft card) and a *malum in se* (destroying a draft record). Still, there is mischief there aplenty, and not the least offputting aspect of it was singled out by a bright student among those to whom the Reverend divulged this newest thought, namely that "it's all very well to advise students to return their draft cards. Dr. Coffin's career doesn't stand to be hurt by giving the advice. Only the careers of the students who take it."

● Credit the Grunt Society with giving Republicans a good chance to break the Democratic lock on Kentucky's statehouse. The gubernatorial election is November 7, and the GOP candidate, conservative lawyer Louie Nunn, is closing fast on his Democratic opponent, Henry Ward. Registration in Kentucky is three to one Democratic, and in most years Ward's primary victory would have guaranteed his election. This time, Ward is finding the party garland something of a noose. He has asked for and received no endorsements from national leaders (*personae non gratae*), while Nunn has profited greatly from support by GOP notables. The biggest splash of all was made by one Ronald Reagan, who told 12,500 cheering Kentuckians October 14 that electing Nunn would be a fine way to kick off a national repudiation of LBJ's "security-of-the-antheap" politics next year.

● The gun-conscious New York legislature hasn't made any headway against criminals, so they've struck out at the next most dangerous element in society, the circus. New York now has a new law making it a misdemeanor to shoot a person from a cannon or to furnish premises for such a performance. Also outlawed in the revised Penal Code are exhibitions in which balls, knives, or other objects are thrown at human targets. Nowadays, if you want to be shot out of a cannon, you have to go to New Jersey, or Connecticut. Where a lot of people are landing in any case, hot from the muzzle of Fun City.

● At its 1967 session, held on the eve of the Revolution's 50th anniversary celebration, the Supreme Soviet gave a striking demonstration of the progress of liberty and democracy which, as we know from our experts, has taken place in Russia since the death of Stalin. So happy were the 1,517 delegates with the 1968 budget proposed to them by the Presidium that not a single voice was raised to question a single item, and 1,517 hands shot boldly into the air when the Chairman called for the Aye votes. With the same heartfelt unanimity the 1,517 approved a new law broadening the military draft, reducing student deferments sharply and lowering the draft age to eighteen years. The enthusiasm of the prospective draftees for the new law was amply shown by the fact that no word or gesture of opposition was reported from even one of them, anywhere in the Soviet Union.

● On October 9, the Algerian government reported that Moise Tshombe was suffering from "stomach trouble." This was in itself strange because there had been no previous communiqués on Tshombe's health, and there was immediate speculation that the report was to prepare the world for the news that Moise Tshombe had, unhappily, died in prison. A friend in Madrid who is in contact with a number of former French Algerians who continue to have good sources inside Algeria turns some light on the subject. He writes: "The story about stomach trouble is the result of a surfeit of truth serum. The Algerians shot him full of it when they began their questioning. Either they did this amateurishly, or Tshombe suffered from a sort of allergic reaction. Anyhow, he took it badly, seemed to sink inside himself, and began answering questions in Ngulu or whatever the tribe is that he belongs to. The Algerians had no Congolese handy to translate Tshombe's replies. They fetched one. This took time. Meanwhile, they kept Tshombe on the serum, and according to our informants, in effect poisoned him."

● Axel Springer, a kind of German W. R. Hearst, controls 41 per cent of the newspapers in West Germany and quite a lot of the magazines too. Two weeks ago, some leftist students piled together a heap of Springer publications and burned them for the benefit of national television. General consternation.



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However, the anti-Springer campaign had been smouldering since 1965 when East German boss Walter Ulbricht said it might be a good idea if the right-wing publisher were "dispossessed." And a number of West German publicists, *Der Spiegel*'s Rudolf Augstein among them, wouldn't mind if Springer's virtual monopoly were broken. Now "Gruppe 47," a bunch of prominent Bavarian literati, has instituted a boycott and seven book publishers announced they would withhold advertising. Procedure all very democratic. Bonfires, of course, are for Nazis. But who threw the students the first match? No one knows.

● Svetlana in March, two Hungarian diplomats in May, a nuclear scientist in early October, and now a lieutenant colonel in the KGB. It's been a banner year for defections—the invitation list for the Soviet birthday party is shrinking. The latest to send his regrets is Lt. Col. Yevgeny Runge, until recently a senior espionage agent in West Germany. Colonel Runge turned in five of his comrades to police in Bonn last week, then climbed on a plane for Washington. It's the nicest possible way to celebrate the 50th.

● That breath of autumn's being is no longer your own property in Socialist Britain. The breathalyser —an erratic gadget for measuring inebriation just introduced by Transport Minister Barbara Castle—is striking panic into the hearts of British drinking men. Wobbly motorists must now blow through a small glass tube into a plastic bag. Should the crystals in the bag turn bilious green, the driver is hauled off to the precinct, where he may offer samples of his blood and urine as further evidence. A level of 80 milligrams of alcohol in 100 milliliters of blood constitutes failure in this grisly examination. So far the only conviction has been that of a Glasgow cyclist. But innkeepers already report a sharp fall in their takings. Mrs. Castle talks darkly of a new pattern of social life in the British pub, of a symposium fueled by coffee and orange juice. She also proclaims with fine cant that the law does not attack liberty: "On the contrary, I am enlarging the freedom of the motorist to enjoy his car while staying alive." Husbands fear that if this goes on they may have to stay home to drink.

● Is Bishop Pike about to put the Episcopal hierarchy out of its misery by declaring himself a heretic, or will the matter be allowed to seek its own relief in prudential obscurity, to assume in due course the dimensions of a personal aberration? It's not clear at the moment whether Pike intends to go on challenging orthodox Christianity to assist him in dismantling its articles of faith or whether, having discovered ESP, he will be occupying himself, as *Christianity Today* puts it, with his "desperate spiritual quest for reality." The House of Bishops appeared last month to have taken the position that Pike is liable to censure only for "acts" and not for "opinion or teaching." Feeling "vindicated," Pike withdrew his call for an open trial. About the celebrated televised séance in which he believed his son spoke to him the bishops have remained silent. Whatever happens, Pike's theology of "facts plus faith" (outlined in his book *If This Be Heresy*) seems to be listing heavily toward "facts." "The psychic gift experiences it knows not what; faith knows what it does not experience," wrote Msgr. Ronald Knox. "It is a conviction, not a consciousness, that the other world is close at hand."

● Touting for cash to refloat sinking liberal Senators Church and McGovern, Archibald MacLeish writes that their defeat in 1968 would be a disaster. Both, he says, are "attractive, intelligent and courageous. . . . Since they represent the country as a whole in their struggle to let light into the darkness of Vietnam, they deserve the help of all of us." MacLeish did not explain why, with all this going for them, the two senators should need any help.

● General James Gavin has announced that he is ready to move. If he had some ham, he could make a ham sandwich, if he had some bread.

## *Their Security and Ours*

For at least part of his 55-minute press conference October 12 Secretary of State Dean Rusk might have been reading from past issues of NATIONAL REVIEW. The country may properly be thankful for at least one by-product of the doves' increasingly shrill screaming: it has at last forced the Administration to speak frankly and seriously on the reasons for this most unpleasant war we are fighting. Until now the standard apologia has presented our intervention as an act of philanthropy on our part. We merely wanted to give the people of a small nation the chance to choose the kind of government they prefer, free from violence and coercion. Once they are able to do so, we have no further interest in the matter whatever choice they make, and we pull out. The account, though not altogether false so far as it goes, was inadequate and unconvincing, both at home and abroad.

Secretary Rusk, first, translated this abstract generosity into more objective terms: "the need to meet our commitments." Our commitment in this case exists by our signature on the SEATO treaty, and Rusk correctly summed up what this signified: "I have heard the word 'credibility' injected into our



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domestic debate. Let me say, as solemnly as I can, that those who would place in question the credibility of the pledged word of the United States under our mutual security treaties would subject this nation to mortal danger. If any who would be our adversary should suppose that our treaties are a bluff, or will be abandoned if the going gets tough, the result could be catastrophe for all mankind."

This established, Mr. Rusk drove on to the heart of the matter. Treaties, the rights of small nations and credibility apart, what is supremely at stake, for us, is "our vital national interests." Asked by one of the reporters "whether our national security is really at stake in Vietnam, and whether Vietnam represents an integral part of our defense perimeter in the Pacific," Mr. Rusk replied:

"Within the next decade or two, there will be a billion Chinese on the mainland, armed with nuclear weapons, with no certainty about what their attitude toward the rest of Asia will be. . . . We believe that the free nations of Asia must brace themselves, get themselves set; with secure, progressive, stable institutions of their own, with cooperation among the free nations of Asia—stretching from Korea and Japan right around to the subcontinent [India]—if there is to be peace in Asia over the next ten or twenty years. . . . From a strategic point of view, it is not attractive to think of the world cut in two by Asian Communism, reaching out through Southeast Asia and Indonesia, which we know has been their objective. . . . These are vitally important matters to us, who are both a Pacific and an Atlantic power. After all, World War II hit us from the Pacific, and Asia is where two-thirds of the world's people live."

If the full strategic consequences, for us and our own security, were not quite spelled out in Mr. Rusk's remarks, they were plainly implicit. And it is now clear that what he said October 12 was an expression of a more general turn in the Administration's political stance. This was foreshadowed by the President's speech at San Antonio, September 29, and confirmed by an impassioned address to Congress by House Speaker MacCormack and by Vice President Humphrey's follow-up to the Rusk conference, three days later. Humphrey declared to a huge gathering of Polish-Americans at Doylestown, Pa.: "The aggression of North Vietnam is but the most current and immediate action of militant Asian Communism. We are in Vietnam not only because of a treaty, not only because that small nation is being set upon by a powerful aggressive force. We are there because the United States of America has a stake in freedom and because our own national security is best protected when the enemies of freedom are denied victory." A Communist victory in Vietnam, he added, would strengthen Communism throughout Asia and in Europe. "It would stimulate the appetite for more aggression and conquest. . . . Imagine what kind of world we would be living in if the sweep of Asian Communism should include all Southeast Asia. The entire power structure of the world would be destroyed and vastly changed. . . . Make no mistake about it. Communist China has failed in its attempt to overrun Southeast Asia because we are there resisting aggression. And we are fighting there not only for the Vietnamese but for ourselves and the future of our own country."

The President and his associates have taken a great stride forward toward the clarification of our national interest, policy and objectives. Let it be hoped that they will now proceed to translate this into military directives competent to carry out that policy and achieve those objectives.

## *Meditations on the Morning Line*

George Romney continues to slip, and it is more and more unlikely that he will recover the necessary aplomb to stride charismatically into New Hampshire sweeping the opposition aside. It is rumored that Governor Hickle of Alaska is almost publicly regretting his earlier endorsements of the gentleman from Michigan. So is Governor Tiemann of Nebraska. Mayor John Lindsay flat-out said that he thought George Romney was "dead," thereby incurring, or rather re-incurring the official displeasure of Nelson Rockefeller, who keeps insisting that only he has the right to be dead (see below). And yet, and yet. . . It is hard to be absolutely certain. The beginning of wisdom in political prediction is to recall that, in the spring of 1963, James Reston pronounced that Nelson Rockefeller stood about as great a chance of losing the Republican nomination for President in 1964, as he did of going broke. Still, it does look as though Romney's boom is over, and that New Hampshire is merely the place where the death-warrant is due to be signed.

Meanwhile, as we note, Rockefeller is, literally, going on and on, Adlai-like, about his determination not to run for President. Aboard the *Independence* with all the other governors, he practically sounded Shermanesque, and there are people around who are beginning to believe him, wondering if there are hidden reasons why, all of a sudden, when his prospects look bright, he should, in late middle age, acquire a sudden fit of modesty. Or could it be that he realizes—even as his supporters do not realize it—that he does not stand a chance to be nominated unless Barry Goldwater becomes his campaign manager and that, as they say, is unlikely. Better to spare himself effort, expense and possible humiliation, by declaring his unavailability before it becomes obvious that the people, or the party, do not want



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him. That is one way to read Mr. Rockefeller's disclaimers. Another is that he is merely going through the conventional business Adlai Stevenson went through, and that it will prove nothing more than Stevenson's soliloquizingly tedious soul-searching proved.

But the fact of it is he might not run, the fact of it is that Romney does look very very weak, and the fact of it is that there must be a candidate from the liberal wing of the Party. Which is why one must assume that Charles Percy will intensify his own campaign for the nomination.

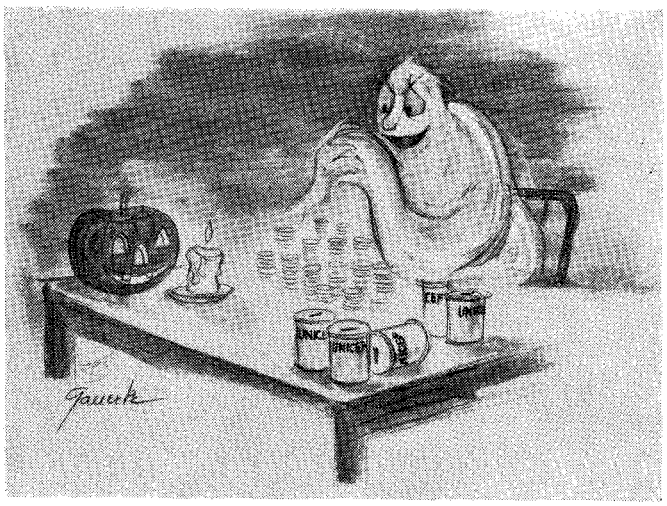
## *The Lesson of Philby*

Official bromides to the contrary, it has been known in Britain for some time that Harold Philby was the biggest spy in British history. Ever since the Burgess-Maclean flit in 1951, he was constantly under attack as the Third Man who aided their escape, despite Prime Minister Macmillan's whitewashing of him in 1955 as "able and conscientious." Since 1963 it has been officially admitted that his work for the Russians went back to before 1946. But only now has the grand design of Philby's thirty years of espionage become available to the public. As the spy-master of Burgess, Maclean and George Blake, and in his own role as head of the counter-Soviet section of British Intelligence, Philby can be presumed responsible for:

1) Maclean's passing to the Russians of information on the West's procurement and processing of uranium.

2) The failure of the British/CIA-sponsored infiltration of guerrilla bands into Albania and the death of 150 men—which virtually destroyed all hope of positive intervention behind the Iron Curtain.

3) Blake's betrayal of forty British agents in Eastern Europe to their deaths, involving the collapse of the whole regional network.



For such depth of information we have the Russians themselves partially to thank, if only indirectly. For spies must wage a constant battle of memoirs and counter-memoirs (Lonsdale, Penkovskiy, Greville Wynne, now Philby) to demoralize the opposition and to maintain the confidence of their own governments in their abilities. The timing of these latest revelations is not unconnected with the escape of Philby's last pupil, George Blake, to Moscow. In a sense, this escape, whose farcical ease suggests Peter Sellers rather than James Bond, may signify the end of not merely an apparatus but a generation in espionage.

It is reported that British Intelligence is now investigating all Oxford and Cambridge graduates born between 1900 and 1914 who are engaged in security-connected work. If true, the report indicates a deeper (though belated) understanding than British spy-catchers have shown in recent years. For it has become clear that the traditional character weaknesses of drink and homosexuality are insufficient indices of security risk. A whole generation of middle-class youth in the West was shattered by the Depression and the rise of Hitler and deluded by the Soviet myth. Once inside the spy apparatus, their middle-class connections enabled them to survive even glaring evidence of their unreliability. Maclean's drunkenness was a byword, but he remained head of the American section of the Foreign Office. But what led them to betray their country in the first place was that disastrous combination of events in a bare five years. In the United States this was the generation of Hiss and Chambers.

Which brings us back to the McCarthy file, now dog-eared and smeared with venom. This weary reference is inevitable. For the Philby scandal finally justifies the essence, if not the detail, of McCarthy's approach. The argument centered on the question of whether a sober, respected employee of the state who had joined some dim front organization in the early Thirties might thereby in the late Forties be a possible security risk. For reasons of leftist prejudice or easy-going naïveté, McCarthy's opponents said that such affiliations were trivial juvenilia. McCarthy insisted that they were relevant (though not of course conclusive) character indices. And he has been proved right. As a result of the tighter security that followed, the U.S. over the past fifteen years has had little more than the normal seepage of treachery that all spy networks expect. Britain with its supercilious attitude towards "McCarthyism" has undergone a sequence of disasters unique in the history of espionage, which have resulted in the deaths of hundreds of British and other Western agents, the acquisition by the Russians of irreplaceable scientific, political and military information, and the consequent changing of the history of the world.



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## *Should We Raise the Income Tax?*

With no change in the tax law or in the spending programs now on the books, the Federal Government is headed for a deficit in Fiscal 1968 of at least $20 billion. The Johnson Administration, apparently concerned about the inflationary impact of that enormous deficit, has asked Congress to raise taxes. Congress seems slightly more inclined to follow the lead of Rep. Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways & Means Committee, and trim spending.

Professor Milton Friedman has pointed out (*Newsweek*, Aug. 7, Aug. 28) that there is not any necessary relation between deficits and inflation. He notes that in 1931 and 1932 the price level fell deeply even though the Federal Government was running up large deficits; and in 1919-1920, a time of federal surpluses, the price level swept upwards.

The important thing, says Friedman, is to understand that a tax rise is no answer to deficit spending. We have had rising taxes, year after year, since the federal income tax was introduced, and in nine years out of ten, for the last forty years, we have also had federal deficits. It is one of the best-established Parkinson laws that a legislator will *always* spend what funds come in through taxation, "plus a little more." In all probability, a rise in the tax rate would merely shrink the field of the individual citizen's control of his own expenditures without materially reducing the federal deficit.

In any case, the kind of tax hike sought by the Johnson Administration (a 10 per cent surtax) is steeply progressive and, though deceptively simple, intricately disturbing. For one thing, the surtax would, in effect, raise the level of taxation on long-term capital gains—an item of tax law that has remained unchanged since the Babylonian captivity. It would work directly against other tax rules, instituted in the 1960s, whose aim has been to stimulate investment and corporate expansion.

As always, the inflationary impact of a federal deficit depends much less on the size of the deficit than on the manner in which it is financed. If 100 per cent of the deficit is financed by federal borrowing from the genuine savings of the people, then there is no creation of new purchasing media, and negligible inflation. If, instead, the current system is followed of financing the deficit by stuffing federal bills and notes into the Federal Reserve System, a great monetary inflation can be predicted with all confidence.

Friedman argues that we should leave the tax rate where it is—it's near enough to the crippling point right now. We should press for reduction in federal spending. Acknowledging that the Federal Government probably cannot control its spending, we should insist on its financing the deficit by borrowing from the public at whatever interest rate is needed to coax the funds forth. We'll buy that.

## *The Power to Untax*

The power to tax, we all know, is the power to destroy; conversely, the power *not* to tax is . . . well, you figure it out. Last week the World Youth Crusade for Freedom, an anti-Communist version of the anti-anti-Communist National Student Association, was denied tax-exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service because its "activities in study and research projects have been minimal." NSA, whose "activities in study and research projects" could be listed on the head of a very small pin, remains as tax exempt as ever.

This week's target is the National Farm Bureau Federation—a stoutly conservative non-profit farmers' organization with profitable (and tax-paying) subsidiaries in insurance and other businesses. IRS has so far left the Federation alone, but the tax men are being hounded by New York Congressman Joseph Y. Resnick, who wants the Federation's tax exemption lifted. Resnick's principal beef has nothing to do with profit or non-profit, really. He is dismayed because state and local affiliates of the Federation 1) sometimes entertain speakers of a rightish hue, and 2) are in some areas identified (by persons unnamed) as being close to the John Birch Society.

It remains to be seen what IRS will do about the

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
THE VOTER
THE TAXPAYER
THE GREAT SOCIETY PROGRAM
THE SCYTHE IS SO SHARP THE SEVERED HEAD STILL SMILES



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## Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ In a word, Congress is tired. Tired from a long, frustrating session which will last at least several more weeks. Tired of editorial lectures about the immorality of Congress (See Adam Clayton Powell and Thomas J. Dodd). Tired of letters from constituents who complain about rising prices, rising taxes, rising unrest, and demand that Congress do something. In fact, Congress is so tired, or fed up if you prefer, that it may pass the outstanding appropriations bills and go home.

◆ House GOP Leader Gerald Ford and Congressman John Rhodes, chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee, have stated they thought Congress would adjourn earlier than expected because of a "growing feeling" that the President's tax increase request is dead for this session. Their evaluation is shared by House Democrats, who no longer boast of going all the way with LBJ, legislatively speaking. In the minds of many members, there is the conviction, expressed publicly by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, that they have passed far too much legislation in the last three years. It *is* possible that President Johnson will attempt to keep Congress in session through December to get what he wants, as he did in 1965. But that was a different year and a different Congress. This year *this* Congress seems to have discovered how to say "no" and even make it stick.

◆ One man who is teaching Congress how to say "no" is Wilbur D. Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, which clears all tax, Social Security, and tariff legislation. In the past, Mills has been considered a conservative but a loyal Democrat who in 1964, for example, pushed through a tax reduction to stimulate the economy. Therefore, when President Johnson called for a 10 per cent tax increase (or surtax as he prefers to describe it) there was a general agreement that Mills would go along, reluctantly perhaps, but that he would endorse a measure the President has labeled absolutely necessary.

Imagine LBJ's surprise therefore when Chairman Mills declared there would be no *temporary* tax raise until there were some *permanent* changes in the Administration's economic policies. Cuts in '68 or '69 appropriations would *not* do. There would have to be a commitment by the White House to make "basic changes in federal programs." After a slight pause at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, the President began to apply his famous principle of reasoning together. He a) instructed Secretary of Defense McNamara to freeze all new military construction and new rivers and harbors projects; 2) directed Secretary of Transportation Boyd to inform all fifty governors that it "may" be necessary to cut back on federal highway spending, and c) held up the construction of a new post office in Conway, Ark., which happens to be in Wilbur Mills' district.

The President has certainly miscalculated the determination of Wilbur Mills, who has long felt by-passed by the House leadership and ignored by Johnson himself. Mills has taken a stand which he believes to be best for the country and is not likely to alter his position for a little chunk of federal pork.

And as long as Mills stands firm and the Ways and Means Committee follows his lead (it voted 20 to 5 to table the tax increase), the House will resist such obvious bullying tactics by an alleged master politician who appears to have lost his touch.

◆ Here is another hopeful sign of the growing independence of Congress: The House Rules Committee is holding hearings on a bill to create a Select Committee on East-West Trade. In a display of bi-partisanship, sixty Democrats and 64 Republicans have joined as co-sponsors of legislation which would give the House the instrument to determine whether it is beneficial to the United States, as the Johnson Administration contends, to build bridges to the Soviet Union, Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, etc. The House has frequently voted down and against measures which would have increased trade with Communist countries. Apparently, there is strong feeling that a continuing campaign is needed to expose the fallacies of trading with Communists on one continent and fighting them on another. **—CATO**

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Farm Bureau; on past form, it will do nothing at all about the Congress of Racial Equality, which announced the other day that contributions to its "Special Purpose Fund" (for "legal services, voter education, freedom schools, consumer councils, cooperatives . . .") will henceforth be tax deductible. CORE chapters and their leaders have in the past few months, variously, called for segregated schools, urged that the United States be partitioned into black and white nations, equated the Negro in America with the Jew under Hitler, subscribed to antisemitic ravings in the wake of the Israeli-Arab war and branded the American presence in Vietnam a "racist and genocidal adventure."

## *Again the Candlemakers*

Senators Vance Hartke and Everett Dirksen are cosponsoring a bill to restrict the importation of foreign steel. "A special law is urgently needed," says Hartke, "because surging steel imports have aggravated the United States balance of payments deficit, adversely affected unemployment [sic] opportunities in the United States and posed a threat to national



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## In the Next Issue

**James Jackson Kilpatrick on Richard Nixon**

**Fall Books: Including Charles Burton Marshall on James Burnham's *The War We Are In*, Stefan Possony on Eugene Lyons' *Workers' Paradise Lost*, Hugh Kenner on *The Films of Laurel and Hardy***

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security by weakening the domestic steel industry." Very much the same line of argument stands behind concurrent proposals in the Congress to restrict the importation of oil, textiles, meat, lead, zinc, dairy products, watches and a touch of mink.

Well let's back up and take a cool look at the tariff question. Any "special law" is, to put it bluntly, a piece of class legislation. It benefits the steel producer by sheltering him from foreign competition; it burdens the steel buyer by forcing him to deal with higher-priced producers. Military aircraft manufacturers use steel. Is national security enhanced by forcing them to use high-priced goods instead of low?

A century ago the great Frederic Bastiat dreamt up the Petition of the Candlemakers in order to dramatize the folly of protectionism. The sun, he had them say, is cheap foreign competition, and should be denied our domestic market. Let everyone shutter his house, and burn good domestic candles all day. Then employment in the candle industry will mount, and candlemakers will prosper. Their prosperity will radiate into all sectors of the economy, and the entire country will glow in happy abundance. . . .

It is the same folly, whether enunciated by candlemakers or senators. You do not create wealth by denying people the power to buy in the cheapest markets. You do not invigorate an industry by sheltering it from the winds of economic struggle. You do not cure an international deficit by retiring from international trade. You do not strengthen the dollar by limiting its field of circulation.

What is actually happening is this: the Federal Government is inflating the money supply at unprecedented speed. This causes a steady and rapid rise in the general price level. Certain industries, such as steel, suffer from the additional burden of monopolistic labor unions that are able to exact surrealistic wage settlements. Taxes and bureaucratic overhead, much of it required by federal regulatory statutes, add still more to the cost structure. American prices go up and up and up—and soon they are higher than foreign prices, so much higher that it becomes economical to pay freight charges from Europe or Japan to the U. S.

These forces cannot be reversed overnight. The cost structure and the federal inflation have become institutionalized and they will continue, in all likelihood, till a bitter end.

## *Mississippi Mud*

Connoisseurs of the grotesque are invited to thread their way through the maze of controverted testimony at the trial in Neshoba County of the eighteen Mississippians charged by the Federal Government with having done away with the "constitutional rights" (i.e. with the lives—the government's recourse, in the absence of state indictments, was to a quaint Reconstruction Era law) of Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman and James Chaney, while the three were fomenting civil rights in 1964. The government has built itself a peculiar case. A paid informant who is under separate indictment for the crime testified that he had witnessed the killings while stationed at the scene as a look-out. But one of the defendants, Horace D. Barnette, had signed a confession to the FBI naming the informant, James E. Jordan, as the murderer of the Negro, Chaney. "You didn't leave me anything but a nigger," Barnette said Jordan said, "but at least I killed me a nigger." The confession was introduced over *defense* objections as evidence.

Defense then called Alfred Keene, a friend of Jordan's, who testified that Jordan had bragged to him of killing all three men himself. A few days later it brought Mrs. Beverly Rawlings to say that Jordan had indicated to her that he had killed Chaney. Jordan never returned to the stand. Barnette was never called. In the meantime defense has impugned the veracity of two other government informants who submitted testimony linking the defendants to the Ku Klux Klan and a conspiracy to "eliminate" Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney. And it has brought forth a series of alibis and character witnesses for every one of the accused men.

As we go to press the whole mess is in the hands of the jury—all white, by the way. Conviction carries a maximum penalty of ten years in prison and a $5,000 fine—the short arm of the law.

## *The Moral of Bolivia*

There seems no reason to doubt the estimate of the Bolivian military that the guerrilla movement has just about reached the end of the road. The October 8 action that netted Che Guevara ("a revolutionary phoenix . . . the world's foremost proponent of a revolutionary internationalism," rhapsodized *Ramparts* in a hymn to the Latin American revolution rather unfortunately timed to run in its October issue) was only a minor episode in a series of actions that have exhausted and broken the guerrilla forces. On October 12 Colonel Zenteno, in command of the northern



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front, commented flatly that, if the guerrillas did not accept the surrender offer extended to them, "they will be eliminated."

Bolivia is an ideal locale for the revolutionary liberation struggle which, we have been assured by Mao, Ho, Fidel, Che and so many of our own ideologues, is irresistible because sprung from the minds and hearts of the people, etc. etc. Bolivia is very poor —the mass of its population much poorer than pre-Castro Cubans. Its economy is a shambles. For decades it was abominably governed. The mountain-and-jungle regions near the Argentine border seem made to order for guerrilla operations. But Bolivia happens to have, at the moment, a determined chief executive, René Barrientos Ortuño, and a vigorous military commander, General Alfredo Ovando Candia. And Barrientos and Ovando have been in close touch with those sections of the U. S. State and Defense Departments that take their anti-Communism seriously.

First-class intelligence work spotted the Castro-Guevara operation early. Pentagon experts worked with special units of Ovando's men. By the nature of the case a subversive group can strike the first blow, which Guevara's gang did in March. But Ovando did not give the embryo National Liberation Front a chance to get off the ground. The training and deployment of the anti-guerrilla units were pushed at top speed. They moved directly into the guerrilla hangouts and struck hard, fast and often. ("The Bolivian Army hit the guerrillas before they were properly organized," said one of the U. S. specialists. "In another six months it would have been more difficult. By then they might have been better trained and disciplined and better supplied by local Communist supporters.") Not having been given an undisturbed couple of years to terrorize the local population into connivance, Guevara got no help from that quarter. ("The inhabitants of this region," he notes wanly in the diary he carried, "are as impenetrable as rocks.")

*Moral*: It can be done.

## *Is Land Reform Enough?*

The most popular pacification panacea in South Vietnam is land reform. Distribute the large holdings to the peasants, says AID and many Western newsmen, and you will strengthen their loyalty to the government and destroy one of the Vietcong's most attractive sales pitches. President Johnson urged then-Premier Ky to implement such a social revolution at the Honolulu summit last year. Ky later announced that he had parceled out two and a half million acres to "peasants who toiled on the land but had to give most of the proceeds to absentee landlords." There was dispute as to whether Ky had done what he promised, but most publicists agreed that it would be the right thing to do.

Now this conventional wisdom is challenged by Edward Mitchell, a Rand Corporation economist, who suggests that the Saigon government's control is more pronounced in those provinces that are "essentially feudal in structure." Control and security are weaker in regions—usually those of expropriated Vietnamese estates—where most peasants own their own land and there are few tenant farmers. "The ideal province from the point of view of government control," says Mitchell, "is one in which population density is high, cross-country mobility is low, few peasants operate their own land, the distribution of farms by size is unequal, large estates (formerly French-owned and now primarily government-run) exist, and no land redistribution has taken place."

This of course does not argue for or against land reform as a political end, only against it as a means to law, order and security in wartime. Mitchell's finding certainly squares with the historical pattern that riots/revolts/bloodshed erupt in communities where the standard of living of the poor has increased somewhat and where the traditional structure is crumbling, often as a result of well-meaning reforms by the authorities. Mitchell points out that if the authorities cease to provide such essential services as financial credit and law enforcement, "there's a vacuum and that is ideal for the Vietcong because they've got an organization to fill that vacuum." If land reform is to work, it seems that it must be accompanied by more rather than less military and economic protection from the government.

## *Onward, Christian Soldiers*

*The Methodist Board of Missions has voted to remove an investment portfolio valued at $10 million from the First National City Bank if the bank renews a credit arrangement with South Africa's apartheid government.*

New York Times

Onward, Christian soldiers,
  Marching to deplore
Countries which displease us;
  Customs we abhor.
Money moves things fas-ter.
  (Toleration's *slow*.)
Forward into battle
  With the church's dough . . .
    (*Refrain*)
Onward, Christian soldiers
  Marching as to war,
Hoping no one sees us
  Through our own back d-o-o-r.

W. H. von Dreele



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# China Watching

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

Dr. Walter Judd (is there, by the way, anywhere a more impressive American?) was in Taipei when the news went out that the United Nations Association of the United States had released a report by a "panel of American businessmen and scholars" urging the recognition of Red China. Dr. Judd, who was in Taipei to address the first annual convention of the newly formed World Anti-Communist League, was understandably chagrined. He thought, as most people would, that this year above all years the lobby to recognize Red China would take a sabbatical.

*Buckley*

## *Red China Is in Turmoil*

After all, U Thant himself, who sometimes talked about the recognition of Red China the way some people talk about achieving the Heavenly Kingdom, is on record as considering the season inappropriate for that kind of action, and for perhaps the first time in a half-dozen years it is generally accepted that the conventional agitation to recognize Red China will be confined to the fever-swamps of the United Nations left, a force about as potent as the movement to Impeach Earl Warren.

Dr. Judd wondered, as might we all, how come the movement to recognize Red China should have arisen at this particular moment. The report of the United Nations Association remarked that this is precisely the right historical moment to recognze Red China, i.e. because Red China is in turmoil. Students of the apologetics for recognition will notice the strangely consistent inconsistencies of the Red China Lobby.

Back a few years ago when it was unquestionably in control of all of China, the argument was that we should recognize the Mao government as the de facto ruler of China with which, like it or not, we would have to deal for generations to come, and wouldn't it be better to introduce Mao's representative into polite society at the United Nations and attempt there to deflect him from his militant stances and international aggressions?

No sooner did this argument become accepted as the staple of the Recognition Forces than Mao Tse-tung's power over Red China began suddenly to slip, so much so that we have reports from Radio Moscow last week that in the course of attempting to maintain his control, Mao has "suppressed"—a word that is widely regarded by students of Communist euphemisms as equivalent to "liquidated"—five million members of the Communist Party. If the figures are anywhere near correct, one can get some idea of the scope of the horror going on in Red China.

## *Faith in UN Child-like?*

To suggest at this moment in world history the advisability of throwing the diplomatic weight of the United Nations and, derivatively, of the United States, towards the stabilization of Mao's regime is, to put it gently, crooked. But the whole episode was symbolic of the fetishistic attitude of some Americans towards the United Nations. Membership in the UN is, as far as some of them are concerned, a baptismal experience: grace instantly follows, and wonderful things lope in over the horizon.

A year or so ago, discussing the matter of recognition of Red China with the eloquent and learned liberal fundamentalist Mr. Max Lerner, I remarked that his faith in the therapeutic powers of the United Nations was "childish." He responded in high dudgeon, and I have ever since then regretted using the inappropriate word. I meant to say "child-like."

## *A Devil's Bargain*

It is this that characterizes the liberals' faith that the United Nations is somehow a civilizing experience. And at this point in history, as Dr. Judd unquestionably reasoned, although he had the tact not to reason out loud in Taipei, do we really desire such a tranquilization of Mao's control? If one were guaranteed that by giving Mao a reassured control over China, one might spare the lives of a great many people, one might acknowledge the temptation to hand China over to him. But second thoughts would surely get in the way of such a devil's bargain. Would we have been willing to certify the permanent control of Western Europe by Adolf Hitler on the grounds that by doing so we could save the lives of the Resistance?

The World Anti-Communist League is a new organization, whose principal officials—veterans of the anti-Communist struggle in China, Korea, Vietnam, Japan, the Philippines—have much less to learn about how to fight the Communists than they do about how to understand the thinking of the putative anti-Communists who exercise so considerable an influence on Western thought. The renowned Oriental inscrutability is by contrast easy to fathom.



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# The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

## *Is the Revolution Dead?*

Is the Kremlin's celebration this month a birthday party or a Memorial Service? If the Communist revolution is over, dead, kaput, we shall continue to have our problems with Russia, Bulgaria, Poland, Yugoslavia and Cuba but these will be of the kind familiar over the centuries in international dealings; no different essentially from the problems posed by our relations with France, Brazil, Britain, Japan, or Switzerland.

*Burnham*

But if the revolution, however changed from its infant ways, still lives and moves, the traditional rulebook can't be a sufficient guide.

Most of the experts tell us that the revolution is indeed dead and finished, that it lingers only as a rhetorical ghost, occasionally clanking in the background but powerless to affect the action. This official verdict would be more convincing had it not been rendered so often before during these five decades past, only to be upset by the corpse's vigorous revival. When Lenin launched his New Economic Program, to take an early example, the experts explained: "You see, the Bolshevik wild men have been chastened by reality. They find their theories can't work, and are now re-instituting capitalism in order to eat." For the Bolsheviks, however, who understood their own revolution rather better than the experts, the NEP was only a breathing space to enable them to consolidate their regime before advancing into the Five Year Plans.

Or again, when Stalin won out over Trotsky on a platform of Socialism in One Country, the experts were satisfied that those Russians were settling down to cultivate their own garden. Any doubts were removed when George Dimitrov called in the name of the Comintern for a Popular Front of Communists, socialists and democrats against fascism. But the Popular Front, alas, prepared for Stalin's Pact with Hitler. Soon the revolution died another death, and was laid to rest in June 1941 within the grand alliance for democracy and freedom; until, that is, *that* cocoon opened, and the phoenix revolution emerged to gobble up eastern Europe and China.

Surely, though, Stalin's death was a final nail in the coffin. But the new obit was hardly published before Stalin's successor unfurled the revolution's bloody flag in Hungary, and a few years later helped Castro plant it on the first American beachhead. Louis J. Halle, former chief of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, gives us the latest word in his book, *The Cold War as History*, published a few months ago, that the revolution and its extension as the cold war finally and positively came to an end with the 1962 confrontation over the Soviet missiles in Cuba. But somehow today there is a solid front of every Communist-ruled nation and Communist party in support of a shooting revolutionary war in Southeast Asia against the leader of world imperialism.

### *'Bourgeoisification'*

The eagerness of many literate persons to write off the Bolshevik revolution is bolstered by a widely accepted theory. This theory conceives of a revolution as a kind of volcanic eruption of social forces. A lot of landscape is blown sky-high; the lava and ashes roar and rush hither and yon. But the explosion is also relieving the built-up pressures. After a while the turmoil quiets down and nature, perhaps altered a bit in shape, gets back on her normal course. Put in psychological terms, the men who make the revolution—those of them who survive the turmoil, at any rate—get older, tired, and disillusioned with the revolution's more grandiose abstractions. They—or if not they, their children—rest on their labors. The revolution is "bourgeoisified."

From the French Revolution—which is the classical "model" of revolutions, much as Rome is the model of empires—the term "Thermidor" is sometimes taken to designate the turning point at which the revolutionary gives way to the bourgeoisifying impulse. Until July 27, 1794 (9th Thermidor), the French model pushed always further toward the revolutionary extreme, culminating in the dictatorship of Robespierre. On that day Robespierre was arrested and killed; the power shifted from the Jacobins and the Paris mob to the Mountain and the "moderates."

Though this theory is intrinsically plausible, and undoubtedly applies to hundreds of revolutions, the chance of exception remains. Actually, a more careful examination of the French model itself is enough to compel modification. The wild Jacobin excesses left the scene in the wake of Thermidor. The mob and the mass of peasants and workers lost much of their leverage on the state power. But the *ancien régime* did not return. In social, economic and political relations, in law and in ideology the revolution was not overthrown with Robespierre, nor did it restrict itself thereafter to French soil. Bonaparte was not an anti-revolutionary, as much of Europe was soon able to testify. His armies, even as imperial armies, carried the revolution in their supply trains. Even the Congress of Vienna and the Holy Alliance could do no more than brake the Great Revolution, not reverse or stop it. Nor analogously, did the end of the fighting in our Civil War mean the death of the revolution that overturned the slavery-based society of the American South.

Marxists make a distinction between "political revolution" and "social revolution." The former is a shift, by non-constitutional (hence, revolutionary) action, in the group that runs the government. The latter includes a change in the basic socio-economic structure. This distinction, though fuzzy at the edges, bears relevantly on our problem. The law of bourgeoisification applies typically to political revolutions. My crowd takes over the government; once we have consolidated power, our revolution is finished. But a social revolution is a very different sort of phenomenon. For one thing, it is not, like a political revolution, a com-



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paratively brief episode. A social revolution extends over a long, usually very long, period, punctuated at critical turns by tumultuous and violent episodes, among them political revolutions, insurrections and civil wars. Through this drawn-out process, a contractual capitalist social structure replaces feudalism, feudalism or capitalism replaces a structure based on chattel slavery, or (the Marxists add) a Communist structure replaces capitalism.

## *Adapting to Technology*

The Communists, rejecting alike short-term "adventurism" and passive "reformism," have always understood their enterprise to be a social revolution in this issue. "The transformation from capitalism to Communism," wrote the greatest of the Communist leaders, "represents an entire historical epoch. . . . The dictatorship of the proletariat is a stubborn struggle —sanguinary and bloodless, violent and peaceful, military and economic, educational and administrative— against the forces of the old society." Time and again he counseled that there would be reversals and defeats as well as attacks and victories.

Reality forces us to make a similar distinction in practice, whatever terminology we use. Since breaking away from Spain and Portugal, Latin America has had innumerable political revolutions; it is a slow year without half a dozen. But everyone— from left socialist to reactionary general—realizes that Castro's revolution is something very different from all the others. And everyone discovers that Castro's revolution does not come to a fairly prompt end, like the others, but continues not only in Cuba itself but throughout the dual continent from Guatemala (or Harlem, indeed) to Bolivia.

We are told by one set of experts that the revolution no longer has significance because Communist and non-Communist societies are both evolving toward a single norm; and by another set, in unnoticed contradiction to the first, that "Communism" no longer exists at all, only a diversity of adjectival Communisms into which it has divided.

Now it is true and inevitable that all major and most minor nations, whatever their structure, must adapt their ways of life to the imperatives of advanced technology and expanding population. And, on the other hand, there could not fail to be differences as well as disputes among Soviet Communism, Chinese Communism, Castrovian, Titoist, Polish and Zanzibarian Communisms. The time and circumstances in which Communism arrived, the history and culture of the local population, the state of the economy, all naturally affect the net outcome. But wherever Communism takes over and a Communist regime is consolidated, we find certain fundamental traits linked into a unique syndrome. The important means of production and distribution —factories, mines, banks, businesses —are nationalized; a state monopoly of foreign trade is established; agriculture is brought under some sort of collective scheme; foreign travel is severely restricted, and domestic travel is also limited by job controls, police surveillance, etc.; the private sector of education is eliminated; no organized political opposition is permitted; the press, radio-TV and all other means of communication are made a state or Party monopoly; the state, becoming officially atheist, takes active measures to combat and if possible eliminate religious belief as well as religious organizations; within the judicial structure there is no independent legal corps—prosecution and defense, as well as tribunal, are merely agents of the state; there are no civil liberties or civil rights guaranteed against administrative action; the state intervenes pervasively in all or virtually all phases of social and individual life—is, that is to say, totalitarian; the theoretical order, like the practical order, is based on collective ("class") concepts, not on the individual human being.

The professed doctrine and strategy of Communism have always been ecumenical. Communists of every nation, party and faction have always taken their goal to be "world" revolution: not just *this* socialist state, but a world federation of soviet socialist republics. The Communist theoreticians have added that only with the world Communist society of the future will truly human history begin, and that only through membership in Communist society can men become truly human. In conception, thus, nothing could be more radical than Communism. Communism breaks explicitly, deliberately, *absolutely* with historical society and historical man as with God. How, one must wonder, *could* one come to terms with a revolution so defined? Believers in such a revolution seek, as Jules Monnerot discerned, "to be alone on earth."

Still, granted the universal and total nature of the revolutionary goal set by the doctrine, is it not possible that the revolutionists, as has happened to many believers before them, should grow lax in their faith, continuing to profess it, perhaps, but more as a verbal ritual than as commitment and guide? No doubt the subjective attitude of many Communists in Russia and the more developed East European nations has undergone that sort of change. But—as Marx observed of capitalists in relation to capitalism—the Communists are as much victims as leaders of the revolution. The revolution, once projected into historical reality, into parties, institutions, armed forces, rules and customs—and Walls (what nation before East Germany ever built a Wall to prevent its citizens from leaving!) —acquires its own inertia, independently of the subjective will of individual adherents.

## *Normal Relations Impossible*

On both sides of the revolutionary curtain, there are individuals who genuinely want active, peaceful relations. But the existence, on the Communist side, of the state monopoly of foreign trade and all larger business, the absence of opposition in any sphere, the global presence of the revolutionary apparatus, and the other features summarized above make normal international relations impossible, no matter how ardent the will to coexistence. France (let us say)—that is, French businesses and citizens as well as the French government—cannot have the same kind and level of active economic, cultural and political intercourse with a Communist nation, its businesses and citizens that France has almost as a matter of course with Belgium, Italy or even the Anglo-Saxon barbarians. Nor can all de Gaulle's—and all Kosygin's—huffing and puffing break through the roadblocks erected by

**(Continued on p. 1220)**



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# RUSSIA

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2 Religion in Russia—
the persecution of
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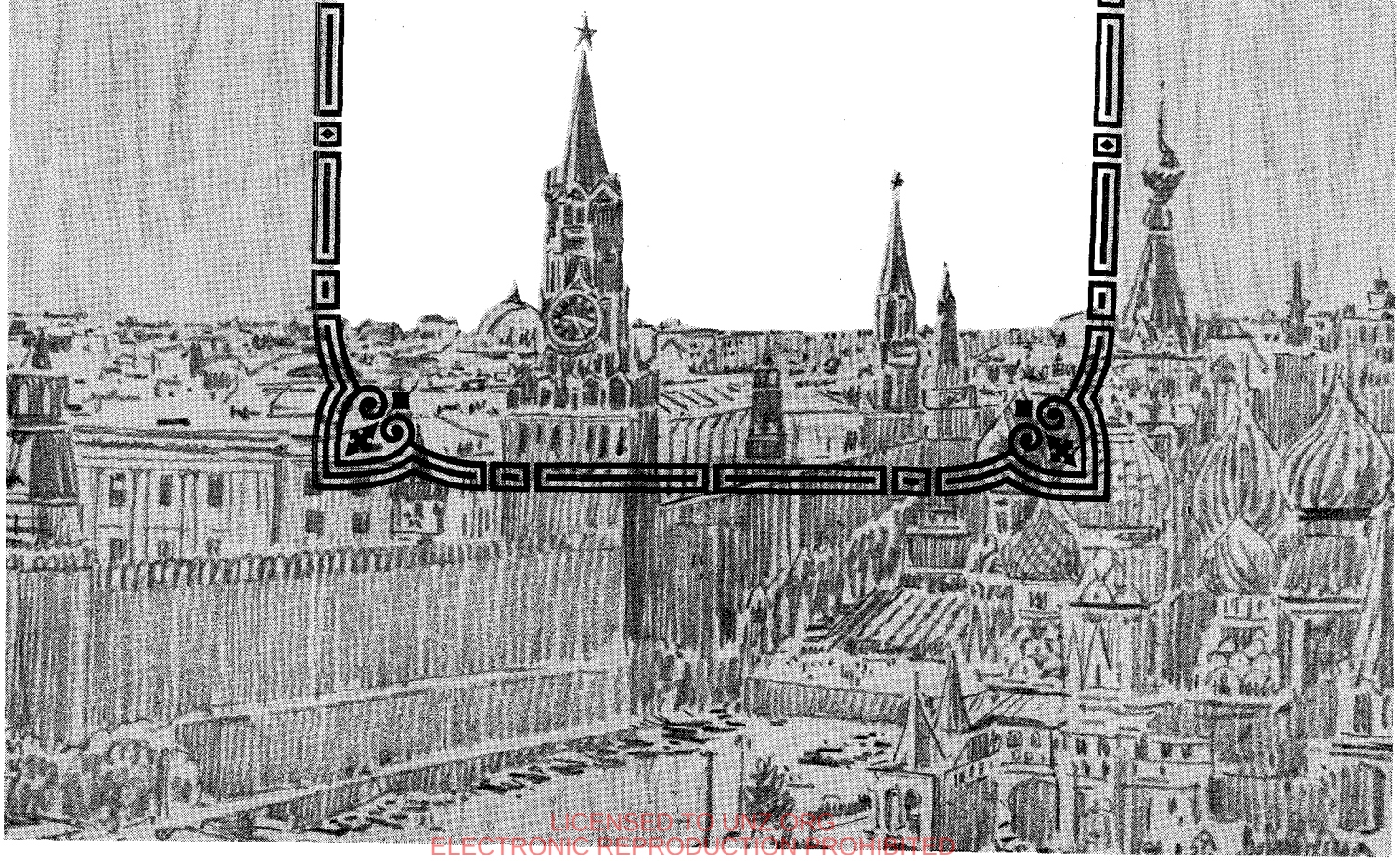
(b) The Christians

3 The fifty years—
a literary tribute

4 The revolution in the
Third World

5 The next fifty years—a preview?



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In these excerpts from his brilliant new book*, a noted Soviet expert lays to rest some of the prevailing myths about Russia, then and now

# RUSSIA BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

EUGENE LYONS

Not many things about Russia, or about any nation for that matter, are beyond dispute. But one of them is that life under the old dispensation, granting its hardships, was freer and more tolerable than under the new. One need only read a few of the Russian classic novels, even those bitter about the life of their time, to see this. Whatever yardstick is used—economic, political, cultural, spiritual—the pre-Bolshevik past stacks up as humanly more attractive. Given a choice based on fact rather than propaganda fable, only Russians with a relish for suffering could prefer the present system.

One of the prime Soviet victories has been its success in blackening the character of historic Russia. There was, of course, plenty of black in it, but the myth-makers have inked out significant white areas and turned all the grays into a uniform jet black. Russia *was* backward and reactionary compared to any modern democratic nation—but the comparison is with Soviet Russia.

A number of circumstances conspired to fix a distorted image of the old Russia on the mental retina of mankind. The most important of these, of course, was the large element of truth in the grim portrait of a country with low living standards, censorship, pogroms, secret police, the Siberian exile system. In addition, the West drew its limited and selective ideas about Russia from sources which, for high-minded reasons, were intent on exhibiting the country in the worst possible light.

To begin with, Russian literature was to an extraordinary degree a literature of protest, using its art to expose and indict the status quo and nourish a spirit of revolt. It was as if the world were to judge America solely by *Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Jungle,* and *The Grapes of Wrath.* Then there was the flaming propaganda of Russian liberals and revolutionists, at home and in the emigration, during the pre-Bolshevik half-century. Finally, there were the writings and lectures of hundreds of foreign champions of the old Russian revolutionary movements.

I do not suggest that these sources were false, but only that taken together they presented an exaggerated, one-sided picture. One does not have to perfume the past to recognize that in most things the old order was superior to the new. Its political, intellectual, moral, and spiritual climate was far more wholesome and hopeful than today's. Even in its bleakest periods, such as the reigns of Nicholas I and Alexander III, Russia was not remotely the total tyranny it became through Bolshevism. Relatively at least, the life of the mind was strong and creative, the self-respect of the individual and his rights under law better safeguarded.

There are poverty and oppression in both Russias, the old and the new, but the differences in degree tell the story. Before 1917, open dissent from the official ideology was not only possible but fashionable; social ideas were being ardently explored; cultural interchange with the outside world was wide and unbroken; simple subsistence was taken for granted by the overwhelming mass of people, especially in the villages; a vigorous opposition press and opposition parties were in being; labor unions were active and gaining strength; the frontiers were comparatively open for Russians to leave and foreigners to enter.

Merely to mention a few such facts is to point up the contrast with Soviet conditions. A Soviet citizen magically transported backward in time to 1913 or even 1900 would find personal freedoms and political liberties that are unthinkable in his present setting. He would find evils and injustices—but also that they were recognized as such and that it was possible to protest, fight, and organize for change.

It is around industrial growth, in the first place, that the Communist boast revolves. Let us therefore begin by examining that aspect.

The Kremlin has spread the legend that its industrialization began on what Stalin called a *pustoye myesto,* or empty place. It has ignored the fact that Soviet economic expansion did not improve or enrich the life of the masses but, on the contrary, made their lot more bleak and servile. It ignored the fact that as heavy industry prospered, people were denied simple necessities, including an adequate diet. But even in the dehumanized, statistical terms, the legend is warped. For it rests on a false premise about the starting point.

In truth Russian economy in its last pre-Bolshevik decades was in dramatic upsurge. While the country entered the industrial race late, it made remarkable progress, at a speed greater than that of some West European countries.

"The Russian revolution of 1917 came not at the end of a long period of stagnation and decay, but rather after more than a half-century of the most rapid and comprehensive economic progress," according to Dr. Harry Schwartz, the *New York Times* specialist on Russia. "The average annual rates of growth of industrial output in Russia between 1885 and 1889, and again between 1907 and 1913, substantially exceed the corresponding rates of growth during the same period in the United States, Great Britain, and Germany. . . . Rapid development was a characteristic feature of the whole period from 1861 to 1914."

More than four and a half million people were engaged in nonagricultural economy before World War I. Despite its technical backwardness, agricultural productivity was growing most impressively since the turn

**Workers Paradise Lost,* by Eugene Lyons. Funk and Wagnall. $6.95



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of the century. The peasants were not only feeding the nation but providing huge surpluses for export.

Ironically, it was Lenin, in his book on Russian capitalism, in 1899, who stressed the high tempo of the "technical revolution" then under way. He aligned statistics to prove that industry was expanding faster in his country than in the rest of Europe, and in some respects faster than in the United States.

### *Pre-Revolution Labor Strikes*

In 1912, Russia was second only to the United States in total railroad mileage. General industrial output increased by 19.1 per cent in the last full pre-war year, 1912-1913—which is close to the annual rate in the First Five-Year Plan and higher than in any subsequent year. When quality factors and the dependability of statistics are taken into account, the natural industrial growth was greater than under Communism. Moreover, what is important from the ordinary man's point of view, it held true not only for heavy but for light or consumer industry.

There is no reason for doubting that the same rate of acceleration would have continued without revolution, and without the extreme exploitation and mass slaughter that marked the process under the Soviets. Just before the First World War started, in 1914, one of the foremost European economists, a Frenchman, Edmond Théry, wrote his book *Transformation of Russia*. Though he was no admirer of the country in other respects, he concluded that if Russia maintained the percentual growth it had established, it would surely outstrip all other European nations by the middle of this century. He was especially impressed by the rapid rise in farm output, "achieved without the aid of an expensive foreign labor force—as was the case, for instance, in Brazil, the United States, and even Canada."

Nor were the growing ranks of industrial workers mere exploited robots, in effect helots of the state, as they are today. Labor's awareness of its rights and its power was greater than in the corresponding stage of industrialization in any other country. In her classic American analysis, *Workers Before and After Lenin*, published in 1941, Manya Gordon wrote: "Every increase in the size of the industrial plant and the number of employees registered a corresponding increase in strikes. In other words, the workers were always conscious of their right to a share of the increase in profits." In some years the number of strikers in plants employing more than a thousand people was more than twice their entire labor force; they struck, that is, more than twice a year. This is not exactly the record of the hopelessly cowed and backward proletariat pictured by a later regime which prohibits and punishes strikes.

A Russian law of June 1, 1882 forbade factories to employ children under twelve, and limited work for children of fifteen or under to eight hours a day in two four-hour shifts. In France at that time child labor of twelve hours a day was legal. While a few other countries outdistanced Russia in labor legislation by 1917, it was far more humane and progressive than under the Soviets.

Russian agriculture was still burdened by remnants of feudal practices. All the same, by 1916 smallholdings of 135 acres or less comprised 71 per cent of the cultivated areas; excluding forest-holdings, the percentage rises to 80. Individual peasants owned 82 per cent of all cattle and 86 per cent of all horses. "The peasant," Sir Maurice Baring, longtime resident in and student of Russia, wrote, "not only tills the arable land but he owns the greater part of it. . . . Agricultural colleges are spreading and the number of agricultural students is every day increasing."

In one respect at least, Russian agriculture led the rest of the world, namely agrarian cooperatives of every type. By the last year of the Romanoff era, some ten million peasants belonged to cooperative credit associations, and there were over twenty thousand consumer cooperatives with over six million members. A Carnegie Foundation report in 1929, referring to the pre-Revolution period, declared: "No other country possessed cooperative organizations as broad in scope and affecting the interests of so many classes of the population." The movement was especially strong in its appeal to farmers.

Without doubt the old Russia was ripe for change. Absolutism and its centralized bureaucracy hampered its economic upsurge. It was necessary to clear the road for dynamic and social forces already in existence. This was universally recognized by Russian economists and many political leaders. Instead, unhappily, the road was not cleared but demolished: the greater absolutism and more centralized bureaucracy of Bolshevism was inflicted on the nation.

### *Backward and Downward*

Lenin, as is well known, regarded electrification as the most vital need of Russia. In 1920, his regime set up GOELRO, a planning commission for this purpose. The commission did not have to start from scratch, but admittedly based its work on existing pre-revolutionary plans that included great hydroelectric projects on the Dnieper, in the Caucasus, and other places. In transportation, too, Soviet planners started with projects worked up in the last Czarist years.

The evidence is conclusive that Russia was preparing vast industrial advances before war interrupted the process. The plain fact is that the Bolsheviks took over a young but vigorous economy, with experienced manpower, technological literacy, an industrious population, an educated class of high intellectual caliber—in a gigantic country well endowed with natural resources. To equate a primitive African or Asian country with the pre-war Russia of 1913, as Communist agitators are doing, is preposterous.

We need only project the curve of progress as of 1914—in industry, agriculture, science, education—into the future for half a century to realize that the country, if it had been spared the agonies of totalitarianism, the colossal waste of collective ownership, and the paralyzing effects of rigid dogmas, would have been far ahead of the present Soviet Union. And this without such lovely "sacrifices" as millions of deaths, slave labor camps, and state-feudal serfs on the land.

### *Comparing the Russias*

Pursuing the comparison between the Russias before and after the 1917 upheaval, let us look next at the administration of justice under the Czars.

The Okhrana (security police) and Siberia were the lurid and justly detested symbols of persecution of po-



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litical dissent and revolutionary opposition by the Romanoff autocracy. They have been used, for fifty years now, to explain if not to justify Soviet purges, forced labor, mass executions, and genocide.

The ratio between the old and the Soviet terrors, however, is roughly that between a pimple and a cancer. The Okhrana employed some five thousand full-time official agents and a few thousand part-time spies and informers. Its Communist successors, from the Cheka and the GPU to the present organization, have had as many as two million operatives, their own uniformed secret-police armies for purely internal use and millions of hidden informers.

In extent, political persecution under the Czars was not small—it only seems strangely small today because we have become accustomed to counting political victims in millions. Statistics in this area were not concealed in the old Russia as they have been under the Soviets. The shock of surprise as one examines them is therefore a measure of the enormities of the Red Terror rather than a proof of past benevolence.

## *One Execution Only*

The decade of 1906-1916 was sufficiently blood-soaked for its time. Andrei Vishinsky, long Stalin's chief administrator of Soviet "justice," was not likely to underestimate anything in favor of the old regime. Yet according to his own figures there were in 1913 only 32,000 convicts at hard labor (*katorga*) in Russia, including ordinary criminals. They could all have been accommodated in one of the larger Soviet forced-labor camps; and this was the peak of the reaction that followed the 1905 revolution.

In the entire reign of Alexander II, from 1855 to 1881, there was only one execution; a man named Karakozov was hanged for an attempt on the monarch's life. In the following 27 years, which saw the emergence of the bomb as a political weapon, 114 were put to death, an average of about four a year. Not until 1906 did the annual toll of the hangman begin to run into hundreds, with a record of 1,139 in the first post-revolution year of 1906. It then fell off to 73 in 1911 and 126 in 1912. A few hundred more should probably be added for prisoners killed while "trying to escape" and not reckoned in the formal statistics.

These are the hard figures behind the impassioned protests the world over, and especially in Russia itself. This was the notorious White Terror which made the world shudder, and led Count Leo Tolstoy to write his famous *I Cannot Be Silent.* It is no slur on the noble emotions of the time to remark that the whole White Terror did not equal in sheer volume a month of the Red Terror.

## *Exile/Idyll*

The treatment of political prisoners was mild, almost idyllic, as against their fate under Communism. They were rarely placed together with criminals and enjoyed an array of special privileges. For many a Russian, exile was a time of intensive reading, writing, and even revolutionary agitation. It was in Siberia that Lenin wrote his book *The Development of Capitalism in Russia,* one of a libraryful of anti-regime tracts composed by others in the enforced isolation and leisure.

The exiles were usually joined by their families and lived a relatively normal life despite harsh surroundings. They were in unlimited correspondence with friends and political comrades in Russia and abroad. Those who had money or received help from outside—committees to aid Russian political prisoners collected funds throughout the liberal world—often went in for hunting, fishing, and other sports. Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin were all ardent huntsmen in their exile years.

Reading today the memoirs of exiles during the monarchy is an interesting experience, against the knowledge of Soviet concentration-camp purgatories. Nadezhda Krupskaya, Lenin's wife, recounting their routine in Siberia, might be talking of a middle-class winter vacation. One of her letters to a relative does have a tragic note: the maid has just walked out on her, Mrs. Lenin reports, and she has been obliged to do her own housework!

The common people in Russia never confounded political prisoners with criminals and usually held them in high esteem. Russians avoided words like "convict" in talking of political offenders, referring to them as "unfortunates" or even, among the educated, as "passion-bearers"—a term applied to religious mystics who withdrew from the workaday world.

Escape was ridiculously easy. The political fugitive readily found helping hands, food, hiding places. There were no official efforts, as in the Soviet era, to smear opponents of the established order as "wreckers," "enemies of the people," and "mad dogs." Both the official and the popular attitudes scarcely fit into the picture of a benighted Asiatic despotism.

Only a relative few of the "politicals" drew sentences at hard labor in prison camps (*katorga*), the nearest equivalent to the Soviet concentration camps, with their tens of millions of inmates in the aggregate.

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Numbers aside, how did the respective ordeals compare?

The best known description of life in *katorga* was given to the world by Dostoevsky in *Notes from the House of the Dead,* which appeared in 1862. Exactly one hundred years later, in 1962, the first description inside Russia of a Soviet forced-labor camp, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, began serial publication in *Novy Mir,* a Moscow literary journal. It later appeared as a book entitled *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch,* in a small edition in the USSR and in large editions in translations abroad.

The two novels, a hundred years apart, provide a remarkable study of similarities and differences. Dr. Mihajlo Mihajlov, the young Yugoslav professor, has analyzed these in an article published in the Zagreb *Forum* in 1964. Both authors are great artists and both wrote from long personal experiences as prisoners. "Compared with twentieth-century conditions," Mihajlov found, many aspects of " 'the worst Siberian prison camp' of the nineteenth century seem idyllic." Both books "in effect describe the attempt to turn human beings into slaves," he attests, but the brutal pressures "have been incomparably greater in the twentieth century than they were in the nineteenth."

## 'House of the Dead'

One after another, he compares elements of *katorga* a hundred years ago—food, labor, punishments, relations with the outer world, etc.—with Soviet practices. Without exception Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead* was less horrifying than its counterpart in Stalin's years. The former camp had thirty inmates, the latter had four hundred. The Czarist camp was surrounded by a "palisade," the Soviet camp by barbed wire, searchlights mounted on watchtowers, and trained dogs. The food was bad a century ago, but the chronic hunger that figures in the Soviet novel was not part of the prison regime under the Czars. The prisoners a hundred years ago maintained contact with their families and were allowed occasional visitors. In their non-working time they could read, play games, work at hobby crafts.

Mihajlov writes about a column of convicts, in the *House of the Dead,* passing through a small Siberian town: "The prisoners talk and joke, tease one another, while passersby stop and give them alms. In Solzhenitsyn's book there is no question of giving them alms, since in the camps of Stalin's day it was generally impossible to enter into direct contact with their inmates."

In the 1860s the prisoners "did no work on Sundays, celebrated Christmas and Easter for several days on end, and those celebrating their name-day were also freed from work. The Jew, Isai Fomich, is assured by law of his right not to work on the Sabbath, a right of which he naturally makes good use. Moslems have the same privilege. The prisoners amuse themselves by rearing domestic animals—the billy-goat Vaska and geese. We further learn that the prisoners 'arrange a theater' on holidays, and occasionally were even allowed to come into contact with women."

## The Duma: Powerful Forum

Camp existence under Communism has been a hundred times more hellish than in the Dostoevsky camp. This is apparent not only in the Soviet novel, which in general understates the hellishness, but in a score or more of the detailed accounts by ex-prisoners published abroad through the years.

Those who seek alibis for the Soviets rummage through Russian history and pick up what they need from Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, and Nicholas I. They normally slur over the decades immediately before the revolution. But the pre-1917 generation saw an enormous amount of political and social progress, which the Communists, far from continuing, reversed and destroyed.

The electoral and franchise laws were stacked in favor of the upper and propertied classes, but the democratic parties taken together held an overwhelming majority of the Duma (parliament) seats. Though its powers were continually restricted, the Duma was far from impotent. It retained enough control of the purse-strings to obtain concessions from the government and occasionally to force out unpopular ministers. And it was a powerful forum. Its debates—not merely critical of the *status quo,* but often boldly revolutionary—were published as a matter of right by the leading newspapers. Lenin in Switzerland wrote speeches delivered by his Bolshevik deputies, which then appeared in leading newspapers.

The press, to be sure, was not free in the British and American sense. But all the liberal factions had legal papers and periodicals of their own, and even the extreme parties managed to express their views in print. While most liberal papers flourished, few of their reactionary competitors could subsist without government subsidies. A number of brilliant satiric journals needled the authorities mercilessly. In 1912—called "the high point of the darkest reaction"—a Bolshevik newspaper, *Pravda,* was established in St. Petersburg, edited by Viacheslav Molotov.

For over a century before the Bolsheviks appeared on the scene, Russia was famous for its great universities, which were a match for the world's best in quality. In 1913 it had more institutions of higher learning than England, France, or Germany. "Russian scholarship before the revolution reached the very highest standard," the late Sir Bernard Pares, British historian, wrote in 1942.

Contradicting the fable that university education was only for the rich and well-born, he added that "the number of places filled by sons of the peasantry was far greater than anything that was dreamed of at Oxford or Cambridge before the present century." Under the law, in the last decades of the monarchy, 15 per cent of university students were on scholarships provided by the state; another 15 to 20 per cent were supported by private endowments. More than a third of the student body thus comprised young men and women too poor to pay their own tuitions.

The quality of education was not only incomparably higher than under the Soviets, but higher than in most other countries. A degree from a leading Russian university was greatly respected throughout the world. Its essence was free inquiry—even in sociology, economics, and government—to the constant despair of the autocracy. None of the theories of social and political reform could be kept out of the curriculum, so that the institutions of higher learning became seedbeds of subversion and revolution. The Russian faculties were self-governing along democratic lines, and autonomous student organizations of every conceivable variety flourished despite all that a reactionary officialdom could do to frustrate them.



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## Religion in Russia:

Mr. Geltman believes the Soviet solution to the Jewish question will be every bit as final as Hitler's—and uses 50 years of history to prove his point

# THE STATUS OF JEWS

MAX GELTMAN

Soviet antisemitism is not an occasional article or an occasional book or an occasional frame-up or an occasional purge. It is bone of the bone of the Soviet system. Jews as Jews must die out. Dr. Elias Shulman, the Yiddish-American scholar, has observed: "The intention of the Soviet Union is clear: destroy the Jewish people." Even the most loyal Jew must be done in—so long as he functions as a Jew. And even if his role as "official" Jew for the Soviet dictatorship has been assigned him by the regime—still he must die. That has been Soviet policy from the Year One of the Russian Revolution.

A chronology of some of the repressive measures directed against Jews by the dictatorship will help us to understand that this is fundamental to Soviet Communism. One of the first officials acts of the dictatorship was to settle accounts with the Jews.

We find that as early as 1919, and without a recorded word of protest from Communist leaders high or low, one Simon Diemenstein signed a decree for the fledgling regime banning Hebrew from all the Russias as a language to be taught, studied and spoken. Zionism was outlawed. Jewish parochial schools (religious and secular) were closed down. At the same time the regime appointed a commission to study methods and means for reviving dead languages or old languages forgotten by almost all the native population in remote districts of Central Asia.

Then the Civil War came to an end. The dictatorship could now sit back and take stock of its achievements. By and large the leaders were satisfied with what they found and decided it was time to provide new cultural outlets for the generation of young students and intellectuals waiting in the wings of history, as it were. The theater and ballet were flourishing. Poets were beginning to experiment, especially in the new didactic verse looked upon with favor by the Central Committee. Among these the poet Demian Biedny was coming into his own. Trotsky hailed him as "a Bolshevik whose weapon is poetry." Biedny's panegyrics were enormously popular with the masses—especially with those in the Red Army. And most popular and widespread (before he began writing eulogies exclusively for Stalin) were such dithyrambs as "Who Killed Christ? The Jews Did."

### *Is God a Fascist?*

But this sort of thing was not subtle enough for the burgeoning cadres in the ranks of the intelligentsia. For them something a good deal more refined was required. So the cultural-political journal *Under the Banner of Marxism* was founded. And there in 1922, in the pre-Stalinist era of Lenin and Trotsky, we find reproduced in Russian from the German translation of no less formidable a figure in the Marxian pantheon than Friedrich Engels the story of Judas Iscariot by the "utopian" socialist Charles Fourier. This tale is so lurid with its lunatic exposition of how the Jew-as-businessman (Judas Iscariot throughout the ages) cheats his neighbors everywhere he goes, that only the fanaticism and Jew-hatred of the Marx-Engels *verein* of international Bolshevism could have kept it alive so long. But there it was, and soon Lenin introduced his New Economic Policy and the word "Nepman" was born. And soon the Soviet Jew would be reviled in terms so outrageous as to provide the proper scapegoat when Stalin ordered the economic policy abandoned —after Lenin died.

In one of the very early state publications on the subject, Comrade M. I. Shakhnovich, himself a born Jew, informs the workers and peasants of Russia that the "synagogue is the trade union of the Nepman." It should be recalled here that a Nepman was one who was permitted some minimal opportunity to engage in private trade. It should also be noted that the author follows the classic socialist line of identifying a tradesman (however petty) with a Jew, and any Jew with the class enemy. Then, as if to ward off an imaginary blow from some unnamed direction, Shakhnovich invokes the spirit of Marx and adds: "Through the religion of Israel runs the omnipotence of hard cash." And to top it off, he relates his (and the Party's) antisemitism to the then current Party line by declaring: "The God of Israel is a fascist."

"The God of Israel is a fascist." The liberal—who is very often the Jewish liberal—may rationalize it away by saying that it is just part of the general Soviet drive against all religions. It is, and it isn't. One thing all experts on the Soviet Union can agree on is that when it comes to religion or to a people identified with a particular creed, the Jews have suffered a degree of persecution meted out to no one else—on those grounds. In fact, it is fairly well-established policy that members of every other religious minority may in time become good and loyal citizens, but no such hope is—or has ever been—held out for the Jews.

So far the struggle against the Jews had been largely ideological, a matter of theory. But as Lenin was fond of quoting from Goethe, "Theory is grey, but green is the tree of life." Action is what counts—living deeds—so that theory may be confirmed by doing. So in 1930 we learn of an action which resulted in the closing down of the Jewish Research Institutes in Moscow, Kiev and Minsk, to be followed a few years later by the *burning and looting of the Yiddish Academy of Kiev, its vast library destroyed and the entire personnel massacred.* I underscore this not because it was the greatest crime committed against the Jews by the Bolsheviks, but because this book-burning and this massacre took place a half-dozen



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years before Hitler hotted up his fires and started in on his own massacres. Yet not a word of protest was uttered—anywhere in the land. Could it be because most of our "responsible" press at the time—as well as our ambassador in Moscow—were so smitten with Soviet justice that they just refused to believe, much less record, anything that might show the Russia of Stalin in a bad light?

At just about this time Stalin dreamed up a scheme which had for its ultimate purpose, it has been argued, the liquidation of all Jews in Russia. More immediately it was designed to serve the threefold purpose of removing the Jews from the urban centers, raising some hard cash sorely needed by the regime, and establishing a buffer—a human shock-absorber of sorts—in case of Japanese aggression against the Soviet Union. This episode is widely known as an effort by the Soviets at the resettlement of its Jews in an "autonomous" region known as Birobidjan in the wastelands of Siberia. Naturally, the experiment failed. But it did bring in hard cash, especially from an agency set up in New York called Ambidjan. What Stalin had in mind for all the Jews may be deduced from the following account:

While most Jews were skeptical about the new Red Zion in Siberia, some were not. Among them, the intellectuals were most sanguine about the possibilities of creating a corner of Jewish (Yiddish) life even if it had to be in Birobidjan. It thus came about that the head of the Institute for Proletarian Jewish Culture in Kiev, Professor A. Lieberberg, responded to the call and brought with him other distinguished scholars to help establish the first all-Jewish cultural base in the land of the commissars.

### *Central Committee Swoops Down*

Feelings ran high in those early days of the new autonomy. Men argued late into the night over what to publish first; whom to reprint from the vast literature of Jewish tradition; which plays to produce in the new theaters; which poets to publish in the new literary periodicals. Professor Lieberberg worked with diligence—he was a learned man, and he had real executive ability. Soon all the cultural activities so hotly debated in the first days of the settlement were in process of being realized. For a while it looked as if the ghetto had really ended for millions of Jews in the multinational state of supranational Bolshevism.

Then the Central Committee of the all-knowing, all-powerful Communist Party descended with its secret police on Birobidjan and arrested Comrade Lieberberg and all his coworkers and all his assistants on all the various cultural projects, every one of which, incidentally, was designed to prove the superiority of Soviet culture over all other cultures —and charged him and them with treason. A short while later they were all executed as spies, engaged in the services of Japanese imperialism!

Then, in 1939, in the aftermath of the Hitler-Stalin Pact, two world-famed leaders of the Polish Jewish Bund, Victor Alter and Henryk Ehrlich, made their way to the Soviet Union knowing what fate awaited them if they were captured by the Germans. Whereupon they were promptly clapped into jail by Stalin, in whom Hitler had no greater friend at the time.

A couple of years later when the Pact of the two dictators was suddenly abrogated by force of German arms, the two Polish socialist Jews were released from prison. Ehrlich and Alter, after a lifetime devoted to the cause, now felt that finally they could be of real service to socialism by working up a plan that would enlist world public opinion (somewhat shaken by the Pact) on the side of the workers' fatherland. At the same time it would afford them an opportunity to see Comrade Stalin, not only to press their program for a committee of Jewish antifascists, but also to expose the Party bureaucrat who had had them stupidly imprisoned.

They prepared their plan carefully and presented it to Stalin who listened attentively, making copious notes, especially about their false arrest and release, and immediately ordered them arrested and executed—as German spies!

But their program lived on. Stalin was not so stupid as not to see considerable merit in the plan. He thereupon ordered the setting up of a Jewish Antifascist Committee which would indeed serve the cause of the "great patriotic war," as he called it, by bringing to the attention of the world the titanic struggle against German militarism in which Soviet arms were engaged. Stalin saw the propaganda effects of this sort of activity as bringing enormous benefits.

### *After the War, Death*

So it came about that "the flower of Soviet-Jewish intellectual life" was enlisted on behalf of the Committee. Its leadership included such well-known personalities as the writers Ehrenburg, Bergelson, Kvitko, Nusinov, Zhiv, and even Losovsky of the Central Committee. The most popular Jewish actor in the Soviet Union, Michoels, was appointed chairman, and the Committee went to work. Soon he and the poet Feffer were dispatched to the United States, where they held huge meetings in all

the cities with large Jewish populations. They went to London where the acclaim for the Soviet cause and the Jewish Antifascist Committee was even more fervent than it had been in Los Angeles and New York. The response of the Jewish masses was genuine, and at times bordered on hysteria. For these men were unusually gifted and they could elicit anguish as well as enthusiasm for the cause.

Then, as everything must, the war came to an end. And with the end of the war came an end of the Jewish Antifascist Committee. And soon the Jewish masses in New York and in London and in Los Angeles heard the startling news that the members of the Committee, every one of them named above except Ilya Ehrenburg, had been arrested as enemy agents—and summarily executed.

The dead Itzik Feffer will be remembered for the curse he put upon Ehrenburg for failing to intercede with Stalin on behalf of his tortured

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comrades, and for the paeans of praise he indited for his executioner whom he had likened to the *Sun which rose each morning/To greet the new socialist day.* It might be esthetically and morally rewarding if it could be reported that Feffer died for his profane invocation of a new sun-cult. Soviet history records, however, that he died by the very hand of the sun-god he worshiped.

## *The 'Doctors' Plot'*

Then came the "doctors' plot" in which it was charged that a group of physicians, most of them Jewish, had plotted to kill the leaders of the regime, including the great Stalin himself. Then Stalin died and the "plot" fizzled (it wasn't the first time Jewish doctors had been singled out for their "infamy"). Eventually a new dictator, fat, jovial and thawish, took the helm—and the dictatorship inaugurated a new antisemite, more brazen and outspoken on the subject than even his predecessor had been. Nikita Khrushchev had arrived ready to bang his shoe in the face of the world.

Now, parlor historians may speculate on what would have happened if Trotsky, not Stalin, had taken power after Lenin died. Whatever the conclusions, one thing is evident: despite the zig-zags of the dictatorship so far as economic and foreign policies are concerned, the situation of the Jews would have remained constant. Not that Trotsky would have appointed a Jewish Committee of Antifascists and then have had them shot as spies; or originate a plot of doctors and accuse them of a conspiracy to kill the dictator. No. Trotsky was not a crude Bolshevik, nor did he dissimulate his revolutionary socialism. He had long ago made his peace with the Jewish question in the sense that he could honestly regard himself as not a Jew; that the Jews as a people (as a "race" or a "nation," he learned from his masters, they were simply non-existent) would wither away much sooner than the dictatorship he had helped to impose on the Russian people. The Jewish identity, secular or religious, was doomed. With that Trotsky would have no more truck than any other genuine Marxist. And what was true for Trotsky was true for all dedicated socialists who were not Sunday socialists or pacifist socialists or meliorative socialists or benevolent socialists, since all such socialists were not socialists at all (according to him) but nice little old ladies of both sexes who worshiped a profane sort of love-the-poor socialism on weekdays, and practiced Ethical Culture on Sundays. For them, Marx and Engels and Lenin and Trotsky and Stalin and Khrushchev and Brezhnev and Kosygin, had (have) nothing but contempt. Thus, regardless of who ruled Russia—so long as that rule was based on a total socialist program, which is another way of saying so long as it was totalitarian—he had to pursue an anti-Jewish policy.

According to Lenin, one need not be an antisemite to pursue such a program, one need only be a socialist. As early as 1903 he had written in opposition to the Jewish (socialist) Bund: "Jewish national culture is the slogan of the rabbis and capitalists, the slogan of our enemies." At other times he repeated Engels' notion that only backward nations, "where the landowners and capitalists have kept the workers and peasants in complete illiteracy," can have an antisemitic program. The tragic illusion implicit in this seemingly innocent remark wrought incalculable havoc to the Jews, whose passion for the word—for literacy—is such that to this day they cannot quite grasp the magnitude of the catastrophe which befell them in the most literate nation on earth—Nazi Germany. (It would take a volume as thick as an encyclopedia to chronicle all the dubious advice to the Jews, and the virulent antisemitism, embodied in the literature of collectivism.)

Yet every time an antisemitic seizure grips the Workers' Fatherland, it is treated as if it were somehow an aberrant expression alien to the true Soviet ideology. It is not. But it is good for an article or two explaining the "new" antisemitism in the Soviet Union. Or a committee of intellectuals will pen a letter of protest to the regnant dictator in the Kremlin, whereupon he will set about arresting the next batch of Jews, charging them with those crimes he thinks will find favor with the committee—like black-marketeering or embezzling. Usually it suffices. Failing that, a party of intellectuals will descend on Moscow to find out if it is really true that a Soviet Academy put out under its own imprimatur some seemingly non-scholarly stuff about Jews, illustrated with ugly cartoons showing hook-nosed Jews bowing before swastika-festooned boots.

To these academies American scholars, especially, will come genuflecting before the scientific might which shot a Sputnik into the air and which came to earth one knows not where. But if they should be so ungracious as to ask for a copy of Comrade Trofim Kitchko's *Judaism Without Embellishment,* the book which made such a stir in the West because of the ugly cartoons, and be told that it is no longer available—see what the power of protest can accomplish!—well, then, they should have no trouble at all finding a copy of the *Catechism in Its True Colors,* published in 1963. After all, this was put out in Moscow in a fairly large edition (over 100,000) and not by some "obscure" publishing house in the Ukraine like the Kitchko book.

## *The Blood-Libel*

Here in this new Soviet *Catechism* is repeated all the racist hate spoken against the Jews by the great Jew-haters of all times. More, the *Catechism* serves as a warning to the true-believing orthodox Christians not to let themselves get ensnared in the beliefs of "this bloodsucker God." And if they (our committee of intellectuals) have difficulty following the crude Russian antisemitism of the *Catechism* in its *true* colors, they can always pick up a recent edition of the essays of Baron d'Holbach which were "reprinted by the Political Department of the Soviet Ministry of Culture in 175,000 in 1962," as we are informed by Emanuel Litvinoff, editor of the authoritative *Jews in Eastern Europe.* The next paragraph is Litvinoff's:

"The Holbach essays are widely quoted by Soviet writers in attacks on Jews and their religion. Since they preach that the Jews 'always were enemies of the human species' and 'prescribed cruelty, inhumanity, intolerance, thievery, treason, perfidy,' it is no wonder that the Soviet Union is the only country in Europe today where Jews have been attacked, and even arrested, on the ground that they use the blood of non-Jewish children in their religious rituals."

If the Holbach essays are "widely quoted" and serve to supply material for the intelligentsia, men like Kitchko and the authors of the *Catechism*



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get their information from original sources, as it were, from the "official" Jew in the Party.

By and large, however, the publication of such antisemitic works as those mentioned above represent the "finer" side of Soviet antisemitism. But there is a practical side of the problem, too, since theory in socialist parlance—as we have indicated—must lead to practice. So we record that in 1960, the *New York Herald Tribune* of November 4 carried the following headline on its front page: "Reds Step Up Antisemitic Drive," with the subhead reading: "In Caucasus They Revive Lie: Drinking Human Blood." The story itself tells how the Party "had revived the antisemitic 'blood-libel' of the Middle Ages in an attempt to destroy the last refuge of 1,000 'mountain Jews' in the Soviet Caucasus." Of interest is the fact that the "libel" was printed in both Russian and in the Kumyk language in *Kommunist*, the organ of the local population, which is largely Moslem. It should also be noted that the Kumyk language is "a Turkic dialect of the Ural-Altaic family of languages." This language had literally to be recreated by the Communists so that the Moslem population (made literate) could read with its own eyes that "a Jew who did not drink the blood of Moslems at least once a year was not considered a true believer." The fact that the local synagogue was closed down is not too significant; but the brute fact that a simple people, which had probably never heard of the horrible blood-libel against the Jews, had to learn it first from Bolshevik commissars is significant. Not even Hitler employed the blood-libel against the Jews.

But abstract propaganda is of little interest to the regime. It would serve small purpose to tell orthodox Christians that Jews like Moslem blood—and vice versa. It is therefore *not* a matter of general anti-religious indoctrination. It has to be meaningful and purposeful and it has to tell its tale well and in the language understood by the local population. Thus the tale in Kumyk is retold, for *its* purpose, in pure Russian so that the citizens in the town of Stanislav can read in their paper a story called "The Priests of the God Jehovah"—in which is described how Jews in their perfidy corrupt decent Christian maidens—and draw the proper conclusions therefrom. In the towns and villages of the multinational Bolshevik state such stories and articles make up a considerable portion of the reading material for popular consumption. For the single year 1957-58 one could count a score of such articles.

## *Riot of Jew-Hatred*

After 1960, however, a veritable riot of Jew-hatred spread over the Soviet Union. From newspaper accounts of the last half-dozen years one can add up dozens of synagogue closings; show trials in which Jews were the only defendants; arrests for baking matzohs; arrests for supplying water for baking matzohs; intimidations for celebrating Jewish holidays—and with it all a constant drumfire of executions for black-marketeering, embezzling, cheating, stealing, conniving and drunkenness in the Jews' singular place of crime and corruption—the synagogue.

When the former fellow traveler finally debarks at the particular waystation of his disenchantment, he soon discovers the oldest single pattern of Soviet society—its programmatic antisemitism. The crude antisemitism of the masses he usually attributes to old attitudes held over from the Czarist regime. But the popular journalism and "scientific" studies with their ill-concealed mendacity may elicit an outraged attack—like the one the long-suffering fellow traveler Howard Fast made public after he became particularly fed up with Soviet treachery toward the Jews, especially when these turned out to be friends of his.

Sometimes these outrages produce more scholarly articles like Solomon Schwartz's "The New Antisemitism in the Soviet Union," or a whole collection of articles like the late Eliot Cohen's "The New Red Antisemitism," published in 1953; or Elias Shulman's "The Fate of Soviet Jewry," published in 1959; or the recent study by Frank Coakley published in the *Intercollegiate Review*, June-July, 1967.

So we see that no matter which year we select—whether we take all the years since the elevation of Khrushchev and his downfall, or all the years since the "usurpation" by Stalin (to employ the Trotskyist jargon), or the year 1919 when Hebrew was outlawed, or the year 1922 when Judas Iscariot was presented to the Russian people as the prototype of the Jew as businessman, or the year when the Jewish Institutes were closed down, or the year when the former Jewish Bundists (good socialists all) were shot by the hundreds as "Nazi dogs," or the year when the entire personnel of the Yiddish division of the Kiev Academy was massacred, or the black years from 1936 to 1941 when the execution squads never stopped firing, or the grey years that followed, or the years just after the war when the Jewish Antifascist Committee was exterminated, or the dirty years from 1959 to the most recent present which saw the young poet Josef Brodsky sentenced to hard labor for "parasitism," or the year 1961 which saw the enactment of the infamous "anti-parasite" law directed against Jews—it all adds up to one thing and one thing only: Soviet society is antisemitic because the full Communist program demands a "final solution" to the Jewish question as much as Hitler's did. The means of arriving at that solution may differ; but the goal is the same.



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## Religion in Russia:

The plight of Christians in the Soviet Union is worse today, says the author, than it was in Stalin's day. Ecumenism hasn't touched the Kremlin.

# THE STATUS OF CHRISTIANS

JOHN D. WINDHAUSEN

Last year, the Appeal of Conscience Foundation sent an interfaith mission to the Soviet Union to investigate the state of religion in that country. The essence of the mission's report was that a "sharp contrast" existed between the position of the Jews and the position of other religious groups: while an atmosphere of "fear and insecurity" prevailed among the Jews, a feeling of "confidence" characterized the Christians; and while Jewish congregations in the synagogues were small and composed exclusively of the elderly, the Christian congregations in the Orthodox and Baptist churches were not only large but included youthful worshipers. Two of the mission members, Fathers Thurston N. Davis and Eugene K. Culhane, summarized their own findings in *America*, a magazine of which they are editors. Their conclusions confirmed in substance the mission report.

Since the publication of these statements a storm of indignation has arisen in the Western world. National and international conferences have been held on the Soviet Jewish question, demonstrations have taken place before the Soviet embassies at the UN and in London. Jews throughout the world have been asked to pray for their Soviet brothers, Protestant and Catholic leaders have spoken at Jewish rallies, a petition on this subject was signed and sent to the Soviet authorities, another investigating team of 22 American rabbis was sent to Russia this past summer, an Israeli delegate has raised the issue at the UN and even the British Communist Party has lent its support to the chorus of criticism (though somewhat modestly).

The response to the plight of Soviet Jewry is heartening. What is less heartening is the absence of visible concern for the Soviet Christians, who are experiencing today an oppression unprecedented since the 1930s. Unfortunately, this has gone virtually unnoticed in this country, partly because of the unbalanced report of the Appeal of Conscience Foundation and a similar shortcoming in the *America* article by Fathers Davis and Culhane. Both reports vastly exaggerate the relative differences between the status of Christians and Jews in the Soviet Union.

It would be both misleading and unfair to investigate the state of religion in the Soviet Union without some reference to the historical pattern of official policy *vis-à-vis* the churches. This is lacking in the *America* account, which gave the impression that the post-Stalin thaw had affected the government's dealing with the Christian churches. Hence: "The atheistic over-zealousness of some officials during previous regimes, which had been more ruthless in their fight against religion, seems to be tapering off a bit." The fact is that the "tapering off" ended long ago and the government has increased its campaign against religion since Stalin's death.

While facts and figures vary about the status of the Russian Orthodox churches, the general picture has never been much in doubt. Before the revolution there were some 50,000 Orthodox churches; by 1939 there were around 3,200. Those years also saw a legal change in the status of the churches. In 1939 the law allowing freedom of worship and freedom of religious and anti-religious propaganda was changed to exclude freedom of religious propaganda. This change was embodied in the 1936 Constitution when the churches were forbidden to provide religious education. Even today, children may not receive Bible instruction from their pastors.

When Germany attacked Russia in 1941, Stalin, needing all the national support he could muster, relaxed the restrictions on the Orthodox Church and restored the Patriarchate. This period of comparative freedom, which continued into the postwar years, saw an increase in the number of churches to over 22,000 by 1958.

It is ironic that during the post-Stalin thaw a new offensive was mounted against the churches. The authorities found the resurgence in the number of churches embarrassing and beginning in 1958 atheistic propaganda intensified. Since 1961 this has been supplemented by more vigorous measures: church councils are empowered to depose parish priests, sermons are often censored, believers and priests are sometimes removed to mental hospitals and churches are again forcibly closed. This last is always undertaken in the "public interest"—i.e. a street needs widening, a park or a school must go up on a church site; a congregation cannot raise the necessary taxes and maintenance costs. The result: a drop in the number of Orthodox churches to approximately 10,000.

### *Believers Harassed*

These reports were verified by a letter from two Russian priests to President Podgorny in December 15 of 1965, charging the Council on the Affairs of the Russian Orthodox Church with having closed "no less than 10,000 churches and dozens of monasteries" as well as having inflicted a host of illegal harassments upon believers and clergy. On May 13, 1966 both men were suspended from the priesthood.

Similarly disturbing is the reduction in the number of seminaries. Father Davis and Culhane reported that there were only three Orthodox seminaries in the Soviet Union; they failed to ask why five other Orthodox seminaries had closed since 1958.

Things are little better with the Baptists. Although there are approximately 5,000 Baptist congregations in the Soviet Union, the *America* editors reported on their visit to only one. The authors learned from the Mos-



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cow pastor and his son that in their parish "they felt things were going along rather well." This would seem to contradict other press reports in the past year which tell of strident and vulgar attacks on Russia's Baptist communities.

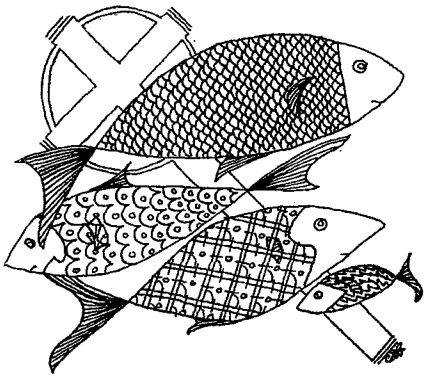
G. Z. Anashkin, Chairman of the Soviet Supreme Court's collegium for criminal cases, wrote early last year that because religion will not die out by itself "there must be militant, aggressive scientific-atheist propaganda, exposure of the activity of the wild fanatical sects that cause physical and moral injury to people and are openly anti-social in character." The tenor of the remarks that followed clearly indicated that the Protestant sects were being especially singled out.

Soon after, *Izvestia* published a 1,700-word "exposé" about a young man trapped by a Baptist sect. Following his hour-long baptism in the cold waters of a canal the young convert was taken ill and hospitalized. The Baptist preacher told him it was sinful to remain in the hospital and so he left. The preacher gave him injections of morphine three times a day which cost the young man 238 rubles. He was despondent to the point of suicide when "rescued" by the authorities.

In the summer of 1965 *Izvestia* ran another lengthy article, this one about the reconversion to atheism of a young woman who had been a captive of the Pentecostalists and Jehovites for five years. Capitalizing upon the girl's shock when she discovered at age thirteen that she was not her parents' child, sectarians drew her into their group, baptized her and taught her that non-sectarians were her enemies. Fortunately, the young woman was rescued, is now happily married, and her section at the factory "is fighting for the title of Communist Labor Section" (sic!). Meanwhile the activities of the Pentecostalists and Jehovites are forbidden because of their anti-social and anti-Soviet character. "The 'god' of this dangerous sect [Jehovah's Witnesses] is not in heaven at all but in Brooklyn (U.S.A.)," the article concluded.

*Pravda* got into the act by printing a letter to the editor on the illegal activities of Baptist groups at Rostov-on-Don. The article complains that they have been holding conclaves in houses, publicly singing religious hymns, publicly proselytizing and mimeographing leaflets and even verses by their sect's poets. And worst of all, an illegal children's society had been formed to teach youth to play the sacred psalms on musical instruments. The usual horror story is included: about a father who bound and attacked his twenty-year-old daughter because she expressed doubts about the correctness of the Baptist creed.

It is impossible to assess the accuracy of any of these stories (I have cited only a few), but the fact that the Soviet Baptists have been the scapegoats for so much vulgar propaganda indicates that their 5,000 communities are a source of great consternation to the ideologists.



The failure of the current anti-religious campaign as a whole has been suggested by several press articles in the past year. It was reported last August, for example, that a new book of Biblical tales, written by a Pole, became a literary sensation overnight. The authorities have frequently conceded that large numbers of the people are believers and even that 30 per cent of them are under forty years of age. While all agree that the struggle against religion must proceed, recent failures have generated a major debate about the effectiveness of present methods. Chairman Anashkin, who was quoted earlier, complains that harsh and unjust penalties on believers often tend to make them more fanatical. In a curious admission, another writer says that the struggle against religion must be carried out with patience but this is how it is not being done—"that drill sergeant's tactics result here in a score of zero."

A characteristic painting in Leningrad's famous anti-religious museum (formerly Kazan Cathedral) shows an Orthodox priest brooding in anguish at newspaper headlines of the latest heroics of the Soviet cosmonauts. Perhaps it was no accident that the harsh anti-religious campaign was resumed shortly after the start of the Soviet space age. Nonetheless, several writers have cautioned their comrades about expecting science itself to do all the work. Many believers, they are told, pretend that they are not opposed to science. "To debate with such a group of believers," one writer cautions, "requires a thorough knowledge of modern theology. It is even more important to know modern science in order to expose the artificiality of fitting scientific discoveries into an analysis of the revealed taxts, such as the use of geology to explain the six days of Biblical creation."

One of the more interesting developments that has emerged from this debate is the increasing attention given to public ritual. Engels remarked that "Christianity never would have overcome paganism had it not replaced the worship of gods with the worship of saints." A case in point is the solemnity attached to the daily processions which arrive in Red Square to view the body of Lenin, part of the cult of Lenin whose picture hangs everywhere like the icons of old.

More typical of the recent trend: in some regions a particular day is designated each quarter for the formal presentation of birth certificates to new parents at the House of the People. The hall is richly decorated, amateur artists perform and speeches of congratulations are made. "This beautiful ceremony," so people are told, "has replaced the former church christenings." Greater emphasis upon ritual has also been introduced recently at weddings, "coming of age" day (sixteenth birthday when passports are issued), and when boys are drafted into the army. As a writer in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* puts it: "Atheism will succeed only if it arms itself still more with artistic esthetics and psychological emotion."

That the congregations survive despite governmental pressures is, it must be supposed, a sign of hope. Yet the most discouraging element in the picture is neither the outward repression nor the one-sided competition with atheism; rather, it is the inability of the Russian churches to undergo a renewal. However beautiful to the believer is the view of old women kissing frescoes and carrying buckets of holy water, what is space age Soviet youth to think of this?



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Twenty selections
from
the literature of anti-Communism,
dedicated to those millions
without voices,
and to their masters

# THE FIFTY YEARS: A LITERARY TRIBUTE

VICTOR SERGE (1890-1947) *was the authentic type of twentieth-century revolutionist. His father was a Russian terrorist exiled by the Czar. Born in Brussels, Serge schooled himself in French anarchism, eventually making his way to revolutionary Russia where for ten years he occupied a high post on the Comintern. There he witnessed the rise of the Cheka (secret police) and the total abandonment of the revolution to repression and terror. Finally, neither Stalinist nor Trotskyite, Serge fled to the West, to die mysteriously in Mexico. Through his portrait of Ryzhik in* The Case of Comrade Tulayev*—the "old Bolshevik" imprisoned as an "enemy of the people" who remembers the moment of intellectual discovery that changed his life—Serge exposes the full tragedy of the revolutionary consciousness.*

Not an inscription on the freshly repainted walls. Ryzhik sent for the assistant warden and asked for books. "Presently, citizen." Later he came back and said: "You must make your request to the examining judge at your next hearing . . ." "I shall read no more," thought Ryzhik, surprised that his farewell to books left him so indifferent. What were needed today were books like thunderbolts, full of an irrefutable historical algebra, full of merciless indictments, books which should judge these days, every line of which should breathe implacable intelligence, be printed in pure fire. Such books would be born later. Ryzhik tried to call to mind books which, for him, were connected with his sense of being alive. The grayish newsprint of the papers left him only a memory of insipidity. From a very distant past there came back to him with great intensity the image of a young man stifling in his cell, pulling himself up on the window grating to a position from which he saw three rows of barred windows in a yellow façade, a courtyard in which other prisoners were sawing wood, a beautiful sky which he longed to drink . . . That faraway prisoner (myself, a self which I really don't know if it is alive or dead, a self which is actually more of a stranger to me than many of the men who were shot last year) one day received certain books which made him joyfully renounce the call of the sky—Buckle's *History of Civilization,* and a collection of decorous *Popular Tales* which he looked through with irritation. But toward the middle of the volume the type changed, and it was *Historical Materialism* by G. V. Plekhanov. Until then, he thought, that young man had been nothing but primitive vigor, instincts, trained muscles which effort tempted, he had felt like a colt in the fields; and the sordid street, the workshop, fines, lack of money, worn-out shoes, prison, had held him like a tethered animal. He suddenly discovered a new capacity for living, something inexpressibly greater than what was commonly called life. He read the same pages over and over, pacing up and down his cell, so happy to understand that he wanted to run and shout, that he wrote to Tania: "Forgive me if I hope I shall stay here long enough to finish these books. At last I know why I love you. . . ." What is consciousness? Does it appear in us like a star in the pale twilight sky, invisibly, undeniably? He who, the day before, had lived in a fog now saw the truth. "It is that, it is contact with truth." Truth was simple, near as a young woman you take in your arms and say "Darling!" and then you discover her eyes, where light and darkness blend. He possessed truth forever. In November '17 another Ryzhik—yet was it the same? —went to a great printing plant in Vasili-Ostrov with the Red Guard, and requisitioned it in the name of the Party. Before the great machines which produce books and papers he exclaimed: "Now, comrades, the days of falsehood are done! Mankind will print nothing but truth!" The owner of the plant, a fat, pale, yellow-lipped gentleman, cruelly put in: "That, gentlemen, I defy you to do!" and Ryzhik wanted to kill him on the spot, but we were not bringing barbarism, we were putting an end to war and murder, we were bringing proletarian justice. "We shall see, citizen; in any case, I inform you that there are no more gentlemen, now or henceforth . . ." The man he had been in those days was over forty, a hard age for a worker, but he felt himself an adolescent again: "Coming into power," he said, "has made us all twenty years younger . . ." ■

VLADIMIR V. TCHERNAVIN (1887-1949) *was never a Communist. He was a Russian scientist, an ichthyologist to whose life and work the Revolution meant little. Yet like so many thousands of Russian intellectuals and technicians whom the regime branded "wreckers" he was swept into the spiral of interrogation and imprisonment which ended in a slave labor camp near the Arctic Circle. Finally, with his wife and son, he escaped to Finland. The world of degradation and horror which Tchernavin described in his book was little credited at the time; foreign delegations to the USSR came away persuaded that torture and slave labor did not exist.* I Speak for the Silent: Prisoners of the Soviets *was one of the first testimonials of its kind and severed many from their illusions about the Soviet state.*

There were many men whom I came across later who had not only undergone the tortures of the "lice" cell but also those of the "conveyor." One of these was a former bank employee, a Jew, about forty-five years old, but in appearance much older. His hair was quite gray, he was bent and walked with difficulty.

"I had no gray hair when I was arrested," he said. "Half a year at the Shpalernaya and thirty days at



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the Gorokhovaya and look at me now; I'm an old man—gray hair, sore legs—"

"From the 'lice' cell?" I interrupted.

"The 'lice' cell is comparatively nothing." he exclaimed. "It's fearful, it's terrible, but it's not the 'conveyor.'"

"Just what is the 'conveyor'?" I asked.

"The 'conveyor'? Well, imagine if you can a torture so terrible that if they ask you to cut off your arm you cut it off. That's what the 'conveyor' is like.

"Picture for yourself a group of about forty prisoners, men and women, all worn out, hungry, eaten by lice, suffering with swollen legs from long standing—people who have not slept for many nights. Single file we were led into a big room with three or four desks, and at each desk was an examining officer. Then comes another room and more examining officers, a corridor, stairs and more rooms with examining officers. At the command 'at a run' we had to run from one desk to another. And as we approached each desk the examining officer would start shouting at us in the vilest language imaginable. They used their foulest swearing on us Jews. They would hurl their most obscene oaths at us and shriek, "Kike, scum—Give up your money! I'll run you to death! Give it up!—You won't? Get along, you son of a bitch. Do you want to feel my stick?' And he would swing his stick across the table." . . .

"But there must be an end to it?"

"The end? The end is when the person falls down and can't get up any more. He is shaken, lifted up by the shoulders, beaten on the legs with a stick, and if he can he runs again, if not—he is taken back to the 'lice' cell and the next day it's the 'conveyor' again for him.

"This sort of torture lasts for from ten to twelve hours. Examining officers go away to rest; they get tired sitting and shouting obscenities and so are relieved by others, but the prisoners have to keep on running. And yet there are some people who won't give up their money at once. They know all about the 'conveyor' but still won't give it up. It is not until they have run for several days, have lost consciousness, have come to and been forced to run some more that they surrender. At first I was angry to think that it was because of such stubborn people that the use of the 'conveyor' continued, but I soon learned that they were the clever ones, at least very often."

"But I don't understand," said one of us.

"You don't understand," he smiled sadly. "Well, at first I didn't. You see, one has to know how to give up money to the GPU so as not to suffer more. Let's assume that they are demanding 10,000 rubles of you and that you have exactly this sum. What should you do? If you agree to give up this 10,000 then the examining officer thinks that you probably have more—maybe 15,000 or 20,000. So he takes your 10,000, puts you in the 'lice' cell, then sends you to the 'conveyor' and demands 5,000 rubles more. And how can you convince him that you haven't got it? You might die on the 'conveyor,' but you can't give away what you haven't got. And so, in order to convince the examining officer that you are depriving yourself of your all, of something which is as vital as life itself, you must endure torture, risk your health and perhaps finally win freedom. You have to understand the psychology of the examining officer." ■

AN EARLIER ESCAPEE—his family fled Russia in 1919—VLADIMIR NABOKOV (b. 1899) *has not obliged Western admirers with fashionable politics by lessening his objections to the Soviet dictatorship in return for their acclaim.* In Speak Memory: An Autobiography Revisited *he describes the species of Communist sympathizer one encountered at Cambridge in the early days.*

It is probably true, as some have argued, that sympathy for Leninism on the part of English and American liberal opinion in the Twenties was swung by consideration of home politics. But it was also due to simple misinformation. My friend knew little of Russia's past and this little had come to him through polluted Communist channels. When challenged to justify the bestial terror that had been sanctioned by Lenin—the torture-house, the blood-bespattered wall—Nesbit would tap the ashes out of his pipe against the fender knob, recross sinistrally his huge, heavily shod, dextrally crossed legs, and murmur something about the "Allied Blockade." He lumped together as "Czarist elements" Russian émigrés of all hues, from peasant Socialist to White general—much as today Soviet writers wield the term "Fascist." He never realized that had he and other foreign idealists been Russians in Russia, he and they would have been destroyed by Lenin's regime as naturally as rabbits are by ferrets and farmers. He maintained that the reason for what he demurely called "less variety of opinion" under the Bolsheviks than in the darkest Czarist days was "the want of any tradition of free speech in Russia," a statement he got, I believe, from the sort of

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fatuous "Dawn in Russia" stuff that eloquent English and American Leninists wrote in those years. But the thing that irritated me perhaps most was Nesbit's attitude toward Lenin himself. All cultured and discriminating Russians knew that this astute politician had about as much taste and interest in aesthetic matters as an ordinary Russian bourgeois of the *épicier* sort (the type that admired Pushkin on the strength of Chaykovski's vile librettos, wept at the Italian opera, and was allured by any painting that told a story); but Nesbit and his highbrow friends saw in him a kind of sensitive, poetic-minded patron and promoter of the newest trends in art and would smile a superior smile when I tried to explain that the connection between advanced politics and advanced art was a purely verbal one (gleefully exploited by Soviet propaganda), and that the more radical a Russian was in politics, the more conservative he was on the artistic side.

I had at my disposal a number of such truths that I liked to air, but that Nesbit, firmly entrenched in his ignorance, regarded as mere fancies. The history of Russia (I might, for example, declare) could be considered from two points of view (both of which, for some reason, equally annoyed Nesbit): first, as the evolution of the police (a curiously impersonal and detached force, sometimes working in a kind of void, sometimes helpless, and at other times outdoing the government in brutal persecution); and second, as the development of a marvelous culture. Under the Czars (I might go on), despite the fundamentally inept and ferocious character of their rule, a freedom-loving Russian had had incomparably more means of expressing himself, and used to run incomparably less risk in doing so, than under Lenin. Since the reforms of the 1860s, the country had possessed (though not always adhered to) a legislation of which any Western democracy might have been proud, a vigorous public opinion that held despots at bay, widely read periodicals of all shades of liberal political thought, and what was especially striking, fearless and independent judges ("Oh come . . ." Nesbit would interpose). When revolutionaries did get caught, banishment to Tomsk or Omsk (now Bombsk) was a restful vacation in comparison to the concentration camps that Lenin introduced. Political exiles escaped from Siberia with farcical ease, witness the famous flight of Trotsky—Santa Leo, Santa Claus Trotsky—merrily riding back in a Yuletide sleigh drawn by reindeer: On, Rocket, on Stupid, on, Butcher and Blitzen! ■

IN 1939 *Soviet Russia commenced its Westward expansion. In 1940 it invaded and annexed East Poland and the independent Baltic republics—Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania—and by 1948, as a result of treaties with the Western powers, it had installed puppet regimes throughout Eastern Europe.* CZESLAW MILOSZ (b. 1911), *the author of* The Captive Mind, *was born in Lithuania, of Polish-speaking parents. He defected to the West from Warsaw in 1951.*

Yet the letter I one day held in my hand was painful. It came from a family deported to Siberia from one of the Baltic states in March 1949, and was addressed to relatives in Poland. The family consisted of a mother and two daughters. Their letter was a terse account of their work on a kolkhoz. The last letters of every line were slightly stressed, and reading vertically one made out the words "Eternal Slave." If such a letter happened to fall into my hands, then how many other, similarly disguised expressions of despair must have found their way to people who could not make any use of them. And, calculating the possibilities, how many such letters remained unwritten; how many of those who might have written them died of hunger and overwork, repeating those hopeless words, "Eternal Slave"? * * *

Let us suppose we admit that terror is quite a useful measure and that the Baltic peoples must be destroyed, to a proper degree, as an anti-revolutionary group. Immediately, a difficulty arises: can one pose an equation sign between terror that is momentary and improvised on the one hand and, on the other, organized terror that extends over a long period? Who can tell whether someone given the perspective of a thousand years will regard the guillotine as identical with the murder or deportation of whole nations over months, years, decades? One month of terror and ten years of it are not the same. The element of time necessarily alters the quality of acts. A long period of terror demands an established apparatus and becomes a permanent institution. Deportees may try to escape. Their relatives can scarcely approve of their disappearance, and it is indicated that they be put on the next list. The families of these relatives are an uncertain element which can be kept in line only under threat. Only fear can inspire diligence in dissatisfied peasants tied to collectives.

Fear is well known as a cement of societies. In a liberal-capitalist economy fear of lack of money, fear of losing one's job, fear of slipping down one rung on the social ladder all spurred the individual to greater effort. But what exists in the Imperium is naked fear. In a capitalist city with a population of one hundred thousand people, some ten thousand, let us say, may have been haunted by fear of unemployment. Such fear appeared to them to be a personal situation, tragic in view of the indifference and callousness of their environment. But if all one hundred thousand people live in daily fear, they give off a collective aura that hangs over the city like a heavy cloud. Gold alienates man from himself; naked fear, which has replaced capital, alienates him even more efficiently. ■

BORIS PASTERNAK (1890-1960) *refused the 1958 Nobel Prize for Literature rather than accept exile from the country whose sufferings had inspired his greatest work. The anti-Communism of* Doctor Zhivago *is contained in Pasternak's celebration of the individual and spiritual freedom, as mirrored in this exchange between an apostle of the new order and Zhivago.*

"When I hear people speak of reshaping life it makes me lose my self-control and I fall into despair.

"Reshaping life! People who can say that have never understood a thing about life—they have never felt its breath, its heartbeat—however much they have seen or done. They look on it as a lump of raw material that needs to be processed by them, to be ennobled by their touch. But life is never a material, a substance to be molded. If you want to know, life is the principle of self-renewal, it is constantly renewing and remaking and changing and transfiguring itself, it is infinitely beyond your or my obtuse theories about it."

"And yet, you know, if you came



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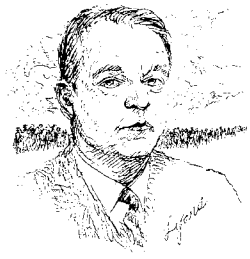
to our meetings, if you kept in touch with our splendid, our magnificent people, you wouldn't feel half so low. You wouldn't suffer from this melancholia. I know what it comes from. You see us being beaten and you can't see a ray of hope ahead. But one should never panic, my friend. I could tell you much worse things—to do with me personally, not to be made public for the moment—and yet I don't lose my head. Our setbacks are purely temporary, Kolchak is bound to lose in the end. You mark my words. You'll see, we'll win in the long run. So cheer up!"

"It's unspeakable," thought the doctor. "How can anyone be so dense, so childish! I spend my time dinning into him that our ideas are diametrically opposed, he has captured me by force, he is keeping me against my will, and yet he imagines that his setbacks fill me with dismay and that his hopes can cheer me up! How can anyone be as blind as this? For him the fate of the universe is less important than the victory of the revolution." ■

IN Assignment in Utopia, EUGENE LYONS, *American journalist* (b. 1898), *described the infamous liquidation of the kulaks in 1930-31 as no other journalist has since. Enforced collectivization of the peasant farms, compressed into 65 days of terror and siege, was the systematic decision taken by the Stalin regime. "Strong must have been the faith," wrote the Fabians Sidney and Beatrice Webb, "and resolute the will of the men who, in the interest of what seemed to them the public good, could take so momentous a decision."*

The strategy of the campaign was plain enough. Obliteration of the allegedly kulak elements was not only an end in itself, but a means for stampeding the rest of the population into submission to collectivization. Whatever hocus-pocus of village meetings of the poor might be invoked to select the quota of victims, the palpable objective was to scare the poor and middling peasants themselves into merging their land, livestock, and implements. Indeed, the sure way to prove that they were not kulaks was to apply and be accepted as collective members. The fearful kulak doom was a weapon for terrorizing the rest of the peasantry. The true measure of the terror, therefore, is not alone in the millions who were despoiled and deported from their native soil, but the sixty million peasants who rushed madly for the shelter of hastily organized kolkhozes, collective farms. In a few months about 50 per cent of the peasants suddenly discovered the virtues of socialization; all of them would have made the discovery if the process had not been abruptly curbed.

Hell broke loose in seventy thousand Russian villages. The pent-up jealousies of a generation, the sadistic instincts of self-important little officials, the inflamed zeal of local Communists, were unleashed and whipped into fury. The haphazard persecutions of the preceding months were systematized and legalized and invested with a high crusading fervor. Seventy thousand localized Red Terrors, with the GPU troops and the Red Army to make them effective. Though no one knew precisely what a kulak was, there was no dearth of them anywhere. Sometimes mass meetings of the village poor, under the steamrollers of local or visiting officials, confirmed the choice of victims; frequently this empty mummery was dispensed with. As many as 15 or 20 per cent of the peasants were "liquidated" in some villages.



A population as large as all of Switzerland's or Denmark's was stripped clean of all their belongings — not alone their land and homes and cattle and tools, but often their last clothes and food and household utensils—and driven out of their villages. They were herded with bayonets at railroad stations, packed indiscriminately into cattle cars and freight cars, and dumped weeks later in the lumber regions of the frozen North, the deserts of Central Asia, wherever labor was needed, there to live or die. Some of this human wreckage was merely flung beyond the limits of their former villages, without shelter or food in those winter months, to start life anew if they could, on land too barren to have been cultivated in the past.

No dependable computation of the number liquidated has ever been made, and in any case there is no arithmetic to estimate human suffering. The total was beyond reckoning. Forcible migration of millions could not be organized or provisioned, but must proceed in fearful confusion. . .

I saw batches of the victims at provincial railroad points, under GPU guards, like bewildered animals, staring vacantly into space. These meek, bedraggled, work-worn creatures were scarcely the kulaks of the propaganda posters. The spectacle of peasants being led by soldiers with drawn revolvers through the streets even of Moscow was too commonplace to win more than a casual glance from the crowds on the sidewalks. I talked to refugees who came to our doors to beg a few crumbs of bread, to officials who had taken part in the liquidation in Ukrainian villages, to Soviet reporters assigned to describe the great Stalinist "successes." No man can see with his own eyes a social upheaval of such scope. But from isolated tales of terror, from the scenes I happened to witness, from the hints and tell-tale circumlocutions in the press, I came to know and to feel some part at least of the unfolding nightmare. ■

SLAVERY, *as the Russians have known it, is not merely a feature of the penal system but a part of the society. The unemotional, almost routine recital of such biographies as that of the gang boss in* One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, *by* ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN (b. 1919), *is typical of the generation for whom life on the inside of a forced labor camp was not so very different from life on the outside.*

The gang was quiet. The guys with tobacco were smoking on the sly. They were huddling in the darkness and looking at the fire. Like one big family. It was a family, your gang. They were listening to the boss tell a story to a couple of the guys near the stove. He never wasted his breath on talk, and if he got going with a story it meant he was in a good mood.

And he'd never learned to eat with his cap on, the boss. He looked old without it. His head was shaved, like everybody else's, and by the light of the stove you could see the stubble was all gray.

"I was scared enough in front of



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the Major," he was saying, "but now I was up in front of the Colonel. 'Private of the Red Army Tyurin reporting,' I say. He stared at me and his eyebrows were fierce. 'What's your first name and your father's first name?' he asks. So I tell him. 'And your date of birth?' I tell him that too. I was twenty-two then, in 1930, just a kid. 'Well, how are you serving, Tyurin?' 'I serve the working people!' He blew up and banged both his fists on the table: 'You serve the working people, but what are you, you bastard?' I boiled up inside, but I held myself in: 'Machine-gunner first class. Top marks in military and political . . .' I say. 'What do you mean, first class, you swine? Your father's a kulak! Here are the papers from Kamen! Your father's a kulak and you ran away. They've been hunting you for two years now!' I got pale all over and said nothing. I didn't write home for a year so they wouldn't get on my track. I didn't know whether my folks were still alive and they knew nothing about me. 'You've got no conscience,' he bawls, 'deceiving the Workers' and Peasants' Government!' and his four shoulder straps were shaking. I thought he was going to beat me up. But he didn't. He signed an order for me to be kicked out in six hours. . . . It was November. They stripped off my winter uniform and gave me a worn-out summer one with an overcoat that was too short. I didn't know I could have kept the other uniform and told them to go to hell. . . . And they gave me a lousy discharge: 'Dismissed from the ranks as the son of a kulak.' Some chance of getting a job with that! It was a four days' train ride home and they didn't give me a ticket. They didn't give me any food either. They just gave me my last meal in the barracks and kicked me out.

"By the way, in '38 I met my old sergeant in the Kotlas transit camp. He'd gotten ten years too. Well, I got to know from him that this Colonel and his commissar were both shot in '37. It didn't make much difference then whether they were proletarians or kulaks, whether they had a conscience or not. . . . I crossed myself and said: 'There's a God in heaven after all. He's long-suffering, but when he hits you, it hurts.'" ■

MANES SPERBER (b. 1905), *the Austrian writer and psychoanalyst, left the Party in 1939. He has been described, by Gerhart Niemeyer, as one of those ex-Communists who are "still rebels,* déracinés, *homeless but for their own intellectual world." More than the recounting of a personal experience,* The Burned Bramble *remains one of the most distinguished novels of ideas on the theme of political disillusion.*

"What's happening in the world today shows that the age of insurrections, of mutinies, of revolutionary seizures of power is over. Over, I say, and done with. On account of the technical development of weapons and of methods of warfare and of the changed conditions of mass organization. The theory that the masses are automatically revolutionary may have been a useful one in time gone by, though it's never been quite true. Now, however, it's not only useless, it's false. In the circumstances of today the masses are like water—play a red light on them and they're red, a green one and they go green."

Vasso noticed with amusement that both Mirin's manner of speech and his gestures had changed. He was patently modeling himself on somebody else, presumably his boss, and was echoing the latter's most confidential opinions in the latter's particular tone of voice. This was the new, esoteric catechism which Mirin, carelessly perhaps, was now giving away.

"We're engaged at the moment in disposing of the last stragglers, the real or potential mutineers, who justify themselves by the revolution. It's not a question of what they may once have done. All that counts is that they might now be dangerous owing to their refusal to recognize present-day reality. And the word for that reality is—power. Do you follow me quite clearly so far, Militch?"

"Yes, Mirin, quite clearly. It's all very simple."

"What do you mean, simple?" Mirin was honestly astonished.

"You see, abroad they teach that in the schools. It's an old and stupid truth."

"What are you talking about? You can't have understood what I was saying. Or rather, no, listen to me. This is dialectic. The words may be the same, and apparently the theory is the same, but actually the contents of the words have been radically changed. Do you follow me now?"

"Very good, I see," Vasso said reassuringly. He didn't wish to disappoint the young man. "Go on. It's most interesting."

"Interesting is hardly the word for it. It's decisive—I say decisive. Now. No revolution can succeed, not in Germany, not in your country, nor

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anywhere else. But one day we—that is to say our parachutists, our tanks, our artillery, our NKVD troops—will turn up in Bucharest, in Warsaw, in Sofia, in Belgrade, in Ankara. The masses will wake up one morning and find that it's happened. They'll parade and shout 'Hurrah!' of course, and then—back to the factories and the mines and the fields. The masses will never capture power, which in any case would be of no use to them since they couldn't keep it. But power, our power, will capture the masses—without a revolution and without civil war. That is what's new and absolutely decisive. Do you see it now, Militch?"

"It's all quite clear and you put it very well, particularly the bit about power capturing the masses. And naturally the power must remain monolithic. The more masses, that is to say the more countries, it captures, the more important it will be that it remain monolithic. If one morning when your people had suddenly turned up in Belgrade we were to start making a revolution, that would be madness; the revolution would automatically be a counter-revolution, since your people would already be in power."

"Quite right, quite right!" Mirin broke in.

"And the revolutionaries who would want to make that revolution are, properly speaking, already counterrevolutionaries. They don't realize that yet because they still have an out-of-date idea of what they are doing and what they are. And to let counterrevolutionaries and, therefore, enemies, live and grow strong when it's possible to liquidate them right away would be sheer madness. Therefore—"

"Superb. You've grasped the whole thing at once." Mirin's eyes were filled with pleasure, even with happiness. "In the most remote Serbian peasant's hut, in every factory in the land, your picture will hang next to the chief's. In the whole country your birthday and your name day will be celebrated as a national holiday, the way they celebrate Easter now. You will be our man, the power of our power, the steel man of the new steel age, that bears one name, I say one name, Stalin!"

Should he tell this idolater that his "new and absolutely decisive" theory was as old as the hills? That it was the customary self-deception of those who have power and would be the future ruination of their grandchildren or their great-grandchildren? Power had always captured the masses, simply because it was power. And the masses always shouted "Hurrah!" and long live this or that; they sang and huzzaed and killed and let themselves be killed and then sank back into anonymity. If the masses should ever capture power and hold onto it—finally and for the first time—then power would lose its name and its nature, and the masses their anonymity and their inhumanity. And that was what the battle was all about. The Mirins had lost. They'd gone over to the other side, while imagining that they'd reached their objective. "That's dialectic," the little Mirin had said, mouthpiece of the big Mirin. The words he said had remained the same while their content had changed. The flag was still red with the blood of the martyrs. We honor them because they died before we had the power to kill them. We still talk of revolution and Socialism and freedom, but the content of those words has changed—and that's a state secret not to be repeated. ■

SPAIN. GEORGE ORWELL (1903-1950) *thought he was fighting for "common decency" when he enlisted in the militia organized by POUM, a dissident Communist party. But the other Communists, the Stalinists, ran the show, and Orwell, and the revolution, and common decency, limped away. For* JOSE MARIA GIRONELLA (b. 1917) *the Civil War brought tragedy to the just and the unjust alike. The Alvears are one Catalonian family, but a family whose lives touch all lives and whose agony is the total agony of their hour in history.*

On the surface the quarrel between the Communists and the POUM was one of tactics. The POUM was for immediate revolution, the Communists not. So far so good; there was much to be said on both sides. Further, the Communists contended that the POUM propaganda divided and weakened the Government forces and thus endangered the war; again, though finally I do not agree, a good case could be made out of this. But there the peculiarity of Communist tactics came in. Tentatively at first, then more loudly, they began to assert that the POUM was splitting the Government forces not by bad judgment but by deliberate design. The POUM was declared to be no more than a gang of disguised Fascists, in the pay of Franco and Hitler, who were pressing a pseudo-revolutionary policy as a way of aiding the Fascist cause. The POUM was a "Trotskyist" organization and "Franco's Fifth Column." This implied that scores of thousands of working-class people, including eight or ten thousand soldiers who were freezing in the front-line trenches and hundreds of foreigners who had come to Spain to fight against Fascism, often sacrificing their livelihood and their nationality by doing so, were simply traitors in the pay of the enemy. And this story was spread all over Spain by means of posters, etc., and repeated over and over in the Communist and pro-Communist press of the whole world. I could fill half a dozen books with quotations, if I chose to collect them. * * *

On the whole I accepted the Communist viewpoint, which boiled down to saying: "We can't talk of revolution till we've won the war," and not the POUM viewpoint, which boiled down to saying: "We must go forward or we shall go back." When later on I decided that the POUM were right, or at any rate righter than the Communists, it was not altogether upon a point of theory. On paper the Communist case was a good one; the trouble was that their actual behavior made it difficult to believe that they were advancing it in good faith. The often-repeated slogan: "The war first and the revolution afterwards," though devoutly believed in by the average PSUC militiaman, who honestly thought that the revolution could continue when the war had been won, was eye-wash. The thing for which the Communists were working was not to postpone the Spanish revolution till a more suitable time, but to make sure that it never happened. This became more and more obvious as time went on, as power was twisted more and more out of working-class hands, and as more and more revolutionaries of every shade were flung into jail. ■

—George Orwell: *Homage to Catalonia*



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There was no rest, for there could be none. And this was because everyone was as good as his word. When Santi promised that he would eat an omelet with six eggs, he ate it.

For that reason, when the 13th of July came, everyone understood. It did not surprise Matías Alvear; neither did it surprise Major Martinez de Soria. When the radio, *La Vanguardia,* and *El Proletario* all carried news that the President of the Council had fulfilled his promise, everyone understood that it had to be that way, and that there was no rest, for there could be none. "The authorities of the East Cemetery of Madrid have reported to the City Council that at about 5 o'clock this morning a body was left there which has been identified as that of Señor Calvo Sotelo."

Surprise was in store for the wife of the major as she saw the blotches on her husband's face take on a violet hue. And for Carmen Elgazu on seeing her husband, unable to go on reading his paper, get up and go downstairs into the street.

There was no surprise for Lieutenant Roma on seeing the major stride into the barracks despite the decision not to set foot outside his house. "What's happened?"

The major did not answer him. "What day of the month is today?"

"The 13th."

The 13th of July. The radios blared out all the details. Assault Guards had turned up at Calvo Sotelo's house and asked him to come with them. In the pickup truck they put a bullet through the back of his neck. David and Olga deplored the fact. Casal chalked it up to an act of reprisal by the guards: "The Falange killed Lieutenant Castillo of their company, and this was their revenge."

The major was not interested in reasons. For the first time the cry "Assassins!" had escaped his lips. The newspapers published pictures of the endless line of mourners passing before the bier in the funeral home in Madrid. Major Martinez de Soria was the first from Gerona to manifest his solidarity. He sent a telegram to the family of Calvo Sotelo conveying his regrets. Don Pedro Oriol and Don Santiago Estrada soon followed. Then the line began to form. Matías Alvear, with the pencil stuck behind his ear, said to Jaime: "'This reminds me of those days in October."

Carmen Elgazu lived somewhat on the margin of the actual events, and she was unaware of the real importance of Calvo Sotelo. She became more mistrustful every day of the women who said to defend themselves or their husbands: "Haven't you read? . . ." It seemed to Carmen Elgazu that there was a clear dividing line between the good and the bad in each soul; and when doubts arose, there were the Ten Commandments.

For that reason at that particular moment she had no idea of the course political events might take. But she was sure that the fact that a man was President of the Council did not alter the basic principle that he had no right to threaten a fellow man's life. "Was Calvo Sotelo Catholic?" she asked Ignacio.

"Yes," the boy replied.

That was all she needed to know. She felt that everything became clear. For an instant she had a glimpse of tragedy that cast its shadow over the entire country. But its dimensions suddenly made her dizzy. Something instinctive forced her to circumscribe the problem to what was bound up with the fibers of her own being. It was as if her heart told her: "What do you understand of all the rest?"

She had a presentiment that a catastrophe was approaching, not in the East Cemetery of Madrid, but within the circle of her own family. Perhaps it was because she was alone in the flat, because none of her children were there, and because of the way Matías had gone out.

She did not know what to do. She could have read the newspaper to learn more fully what had happened; she did not want to. She looked outside. A wonderful play of shadows was settling over the housetops. Lights were going on across the way. Women could be seen setting the table. The eternal table. She would have given anything to see her own family sitting around the table at that moment. What time was it? She went into Ignacio's room and lit a candle in front of the night table. ■

—José María Gironella: *The Cypresses Believe in God*

IGNAZIO SILONE (b. 1900) *was a member of the Communist underground and fought fascism in Italy until 1931, when he became convinced that the "black inquisition" would only be succeeded by a red one. Like Silone himself, the hero of* Bread and Wine *is an underground organizer; hiding out in a remote village, disguised as a priest, he begins to doubt his mission.*

He remembered his first entry into a Socialist group. He had left the Church not because he no longer believed in the dogmas or the efficacy of the sacraments but because it had seemed to him that the Church was identified with the corrupt, wicked and cruel society which it should have been fighting. When he became a socialist, that was all that drove him. He was not yet a Marxist. He was to come to know Marxism later in the group, but for the present he accepted it "as the rule of the new community." Meanwhile, had not that community also become a synagogue? "I am saddened by all enterprises that intend to save the world. They seem the surest possible way to lose one's self."



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At the time it had seemed to Don Paolo that his return to Italy had been, basically, an attempt to get away from that professionalism, to go back to the ranks in order to find the key to the difficulty.

These thoughts were to give him no peace. At dinner he was silent and more than usually distracted. Matalena spoke to him in vain: it was as if he were deaf. To the innkeeper's great regret and offense, he did not even pay attention to what he put in his mouth. He went into the garden as soon as he had his coffee. Seated on the bench, and with the notebook on his knees, he began to write.

"Is it possible to take part in politics, to serve one party, and to remain sincere? Hasn't truth become for me the party's truth? and justice, party justice? Has not the organization ended up by extinguishing in me all moral values, which are held in contempt as petit bourgeois prejudices, and has not the organization itself become the supreme value? Have I then not fled the opportunism of a decadent church to fall into the Machiavellianism of a sect? If these are dangerous thoughts to be banished from my revolutionary consciousness, how, in good faith, can I face the risks of a clandestine struggle?"

Don Paolo read over what he had written and realized that he had only asked questions. A flock of sparrows and some wild doves came up and fluttered about him as in a bird house. It seemed to some women, observing the scene from a distance, that he was talking with the birds. In fact, not having anyone else to talk to, the poor priest was talking to himself. The women immediately ran to the inn to announce the miracle.

"Your priest talks to the birds like St. Francis," they said to Matalena.

"Yes, he's a saint, a real saint," she replied. ■

TO COMMIT ONESELF *to Communism is to commit oneself, ultimately, to espionage. As a courier for the Soviet Union* WHITTAKER CHAMBERS (1901-1961) *engaged in espionage and testified to it in one of the monumental trials of the century. He continued that testimony in his autobiography* Witness—*witness to an age of deception and a world in crisis.*

I have sometimes been asked at this point: What went on in the minds of those Americans, all highly educated men, that made it possible for them to betray their country? Did none of them suffer a crisis of conscience? The question presupposes that whoever asks it has still failed to grasp that Communists mean exactly what they have been saying for a hundred years: they regard any government that is not Communist, including their own, merely as the political machine of a class whose power they have organized expressly to overthrow by all means, including violence. Therefore, ultimately the problem of espionage never presents itself to them as a problem of conscience, but as a problem of operations. Making due allowance for the differences of intelligence, energy, background and political development among the individual men involved, and bearing in mind that two of them (White and Wadleigh) were not Communists, but fellow travelers, the answer to the question must still be: no problem of conscience was then involved. For the Communists, the problem of conscience had been settled long before, at the moment when they accepted the program and discipline of the Communist Party. For the fellow travelers, it had been settled at the moment when they decided to cooperate with the Communist Party. And of fellow travelers who cooperate to the point of espionage, it must be observed that in effect they have become Communists, whatever fictive differences they may maintain.

Faced with the opportunity of espionage, a Communist, though he may sometimes hesitate momentarily, will always, exactly to the degree that he is a Communist, engage in espionage. The act will not appear to him in terms of betrayal at all. It will, on the contrary, appear to him as a moral act, the more deserving the more it involves him in personal risk, committed in the name of a faith (Communism) on which, he believes, hinges the hope and future of mankind, and against a system (capitalism) which he believes to be historically bankrupt. At that point, conscience to the Communist, and conscience to the non-Communist, mean two things as opposed as the two sides of a battlefield. The failure to understand that fact is part of the total failure of the West to grasp the nature of its enemy, what he wants, what he means to do and how he will go about doing it. It is part of the failure of the West to understand that it is at grips with an enemy having no moral viewpoint in common with itself, that two irreconcilable viewpoints and standards of judgment, two irreconcilable moralities, proceeding from two irreconcilable readings of man's fate and future are involved, and, hence, their conflict is irrepressible.

The question of conscience can arise only when, for one reason or another, a Communist questions his faith, as I was about to do, or as, later on, in different ways Wadleigh and Keith would do. Then it rises terribly indeed. ■

VICTOR KRAVCHENKO (1915-1961) *was a child of the Revolution. A Ukrainian, he was educated by the Soviets, joined the Comsomol and became a high-ranking industrial engineer. In the Ukraine to assist in land collectivization, he began to question his beliefs; and in 1944, when on a trade mission to the U.S., he defected. The following is from* I Chose Freedom.

The publication in 1938 of a new official History of the Communist Party marked the tapering off of the super-purge.

I do not mean that the terror was stopped, that the Black Raven remained unemployed. "Normal" arrests by the thousand, executions without trial, arbitrary exile of "undesirable elements" whose labor was desirable in forsaken regions, tortures and inquisitions continued. The population of concentration camps and forced labor colonies multiplied as never before. Already, among Communists close to the Kremlin throne, whispered estimates placed the slave labor forces at more than 15 millions; in the next few years the estimate would be closer to twenty millions.

I mean only that the specific campaign to cleanse the Party and the bureaucracy, planned after the assassination of Kirov, was now almost completed. There was not an office or an enterprise, an economic or cultural body, a government or a party or military bureau, which was not largely in new hands. Had a foreign conqueror taken over the machinery of Soviet life and put new people in



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control, the change could hardly have been more thorough or more cruel. . .

I was able, through the Kremlin, to obtain a few official figures. They do not compass the whole reality, they merely hint at its extent and malignity.

In the Council of People's Commissars, only Molotov remained; all the rest were killed, imprisoned or demoted. The Central Committee of the Party, in theory the heart and mind of the ruling group, counts 138 members and alternates; only about a score of them remained in that body when the super-purge had run its course. Of the 757 members of Tzik, the Central Executive Committee, sometimes described abroad as Russia's "Parliament," only a few dozen survived the storm.

The ruin was even bloodier in the so-called autonomous "republics" and regions. Without exception the commanding staffs of their governments and their Party organizers were wiped out by orders from Moscow—a sufficient commentary on their supposed autonomy. Industry and technology, the arts and education, the press and the armed forces—all were turned upside down, their leaders and most gifted personalities being shot, imprisoned, exiled or at best, stripped of influence.

The temptation in looking at the piled-up horrors is to concentrate on the famous and important victims, whereas the pogrom extended to the whole population. In the ruling Party, 1,800,000 members and candidates were expelled, which was more than half the total in these classifications; and in most cases expulsion meant concentration camps or worse. At least eight million more, Comsomol members and non-Party people, were liquidated—meaning anything from execution to exile or removal from their jobs.

But even these colossal figures don't sum up the tragedy. They're big but they are cold. Their very immensity makes them a bit unreal. One must think of the victims not in such impersonal terms, but as individuals. One must recall that each of these multitudes had relatives, friends, dependents who shared his sufferings; that each of them had hopes, plans, actual achievements which were shattered. To the historian of tomorrow, to the sociologist of today, these are statistics. But to me, who lived through it, the digits have bodies and minds and souls, all of which were hurt, outraged and humiliated. ■

THE PURGE *reached into every part of the world Communist network. The insane accusation and the incomprehensible, abject confession soon became familiar traits of Communist discipline. But the outstanding event of the Purge, the Moscow trials of 1938, in which high Bolsheviks were brought low, is still the symbol of Communism's monstrous mentality. The trial record gives nothing of the private thoughts of Bukharin. But in* Darkness at Noon, ARTHUR KOESTLER (b. 1905) *gives us a glimpse of how such a mind might have dealt with the dreadful realization of guilt.*

Rubashov shrugged his shoulders. "Admit," he said, "that humanism and politics, respect for the individual and social progress, are incompatible. Admit that Gandhi is a catastrophe for India; that chasteness in the choice of means leads to political impotence. In negatives we agree. But look where the other alternative has led us. . . ."

"Well," asked Ivanov. "Where?"

Rubashov rubbed his pince-nez on his sleeve and looked at him short-sightedly. "What a mess," he said, "what a mess we have made of our golden age."

Ivanov smiled. "Maybe," he said happily. "Look at the Gracchi and Saint-Just and the Commune of Paris. Up to now all revolutions have been made by moralizing dilettantes. They were always in good faith and perished because of their dilettantism. We for the first time are consequent. . . ."

"Yes," said Rubashov. "So consequent, that in the interests of a just distribution of land we deliberately let die of starvation about five million farmers and their families in one year. So consequent were we in the liberation of human beings from the shackles of industrial exploitation that we sent about ten million people to do forced labor in the Arctic regions and the jungles of the East, under conditions similar to those of antique galley slaves. So consequent that, to settle a difference of opinion, we know only one argument: death, whether it is a matter of submarines, manure, or the Party line to be followed in Indo-China. Our engineers work with the constant knowledge that an error in calculation may take them to prison or the scaffold; the higher officials in our administration ruin and destroy their subordinates because they know that they will be held responsible for the slightest slip and be destroyed themselves; our poets settle discussions on questions of style by denunciations to the Secret Police, because the expressionists consider the naturalistic style counterrevolutionary, and vice versa. Acting consequentially in the interests of the coming generations we have laid such terrible privations on the present one that its average length of life is shortened by a quarter. In order to defend the existence of the country we have to take exceptional measures and make transition-stage laws, which are in every point contrary to the aims of the Revolution. The people's standard of life is lower than it was before the Revolution: the labor conditions are harder, the discipline is more inhuman, the piecework drudgery worse than in colonial countries with native coolies; we have lowered the age limit for capital punishment down to twelve years; our sexual laws are more narrow-minded than those of England, our leader-worship more Byzantine than that of the reactionary dictatorships. Our press and our schools cultivate chauvinism, militarism, dogmatism, conformism, and ignorance. The arbitrary power of the government is unlimited and unexampled in history; freedom of the press, of opinion, and of movement are as thoroughly exterminated as though the proclamation of the Rights of Man had never been. We have built up the most gigantic police apparatus, with informers made a national institution, and with the most refined scientific system of physical and mental torture. We whip the groaning masses of the country toward a theoretical future happiness, which only we can see. For the energies of this generation are exhausted; they were spent in the Revolution; for this generation is bled white and there is nothing left of it but a moaning, numbed, apathetic lump of sacrificial flesh. . . . Those are the consequences of our consequentialness. You called it vivisection morality. To me it sometimes seems as though the experimenters had torn the skin off the victim and left it standing with bared tissues, muscles, and nerves. . . ."

"Well, and what of it?" said Ivanov



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happily. "Don't you find it wonderful? Has anything more wonderful ever happened in history? We are tearing the old skin off mankind and giving it a new one. That is not an occupation for people with weak nerves; but there was once a time when it filled you with enthusiasm. What has so changed you that you are now as persnickety as an old maid?"

Rubashov wanted to answer: "Since then I have heard Bogrov call out my name." But he knew that this answer did not make sense. ■

COMMUNISM, *for the artist, means a submission of his creative powers to the authority of the Party. If he is defiant and lives in the West, he may suffer censure but he will outlive it and, like* ANDRE GIDE (1869-1951), *go on writing. If he lives in the East the state will dispose of his fate: a mental institution in the case of* VALERIY TARSIS (b. 1906) *and, in the case of* ANDREI SINYAVSKY (b. 1925), *five years at hard labor.*

I care very little whether or not my writings conform to Marxism. That "fear of the Index" that I used to express in the past, the absurd fear of being found in error by the pure Communists, bothered me greatly and at length, to such a degree that I no longer dared write. What I am saying will seem very childish. But I don't care. I am not interested in showing myself off to advantage, and I believe that I am most inclined to set forth my weaknesses. But now I am free of that sterilizing fear. And that fear has taught me a great deal; yes, much more than Marxism itself. The discipline I imposed on myself for three years has not been without advantage; but today I find greater advantage in liberating myself from it than in continuing to adhere to it. That plunge into Marxism allowed me to see the essential thing it lacked.

Did it require the failure of the USSR to lead me to think thus? It is but the illustration of my blighted hope. And one first tries to tell oneself: it failed through infidelity. Then one again hears ring out the sinister words: "There has not been a revolution that has not . . ." ■

—Summer 1937: *The Journals of André Gide*

Tall, well-built, with grey hair and shrewd intelligent eyes, energetic in spite of his seventy-four years, Nezhevsky had a world reputation as a psychiatrist and often attended scientific congresses abroad. The hospital only consulted him in difficult cases which the doctors were afraid of treating with the usual aminodin.

Nezhevsky knew the right treatment but he also knew that it was inapplicable in Soviet conditions. A follower of Gandhi, he realized that after four decades of terror, wars, violence and insecurity, no one in Russia was or could be completely normal, as he knew that the cure for mental shock was to create an acceptable way of life for the victims

—a theory he shared with the French school of psychiatry. He thought it absurd to call "persecution mania" the state of mind of people who had been persecuted for forty years and whose fathers had been shot or died in concentration camps. * * *

The time came to remind the world that there existed Russians, not just Soviet citizens, and that there existed honest Russian writers. The time came to ring the alarm, to call for the struggle for freedom, for the fight against the new Fascist destroyers of souls. The West knew very little . . . even such honest writers as Caldwell and Steinbeck were prepared to believe in the myth of Soviet democracy. Steinbeck actually said that Soviet writers were free to write as they pleased! . . . Yes, it was time to open the eyes of the world, time to lead the Steinbecks into this filthy shed, time to let them share this hell with Valentine Almazov and see for themselves whether Soviet writers were free. Let them realize that for every word of truth about the Soviet way of life, the Soviet writer could be accused of slander by the Soviet police . . . Had he [Steinbeck] been born a Soviet citizen, he could never have published a line — he would, more likely, have been killed under Stalin or have shared the fate of Almazov today. (No offense meant, Mr. Steinbeck! A mental hospital is the only place for an honest writer in Russia nowadays!) ■

—Valeriy Tarsis: *Ward 7*

When Western writers deplore our lack of freedom of speech, their starting point is their belief in the freedom of the individual. This is the foundation of their culture, but it is organically alien to Communism. A true Soviet writer, a true Marxist, will not accept these reproaches, and will not even know what they are all about. What freedom—if the comparison be permitted—does the religious person require from God? The freedom to praise God still more ardently?

Contemporary Christians, who have broken their spiritual fast and accepted the spirit of individualism, with its free elections, free enterprise, and free press, occasionally abuse the phrase "freedom of choice" that Christ is supposed to have bequeathed us. This sounds like a dubious borrowing from the parliamentary system to which they are accustomed, for it bears no resemblance to the Kingdom of God, if only because no president or prime minister is ever elected in paradise. Even the most liberal God offers only one freedom of choice: to believe or not to believe, to be for Him or for Satan, to go to paradise or to hell. Communism offers just about the same right. If you don't want to believe, you can go to jail—which is by no means worse than hell. And for the man who believes, for the Soviet writer to whom Communism is the purpose of his own and humanity's existence (and otherwise there is no place for him either in our literature or in our society), there can be no such dilemma. For the man who believes in Communism, as Khrushchev correctly noted in one of his latest cultural pronouncements, "for the artist who truly wants to serve his people, the question does not arise of whether he is free or not in his creative work. For him, the question of which approach to the phenomena of reality to choose is clear. He need not conform or force himself; the true representation of life from the point of view of Communist 'partiinost' ['par-



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tiinost' is the point of view that considers everything in terms of the correct Party line] is a necessity of his soul. He holds firmly to these positions, and affirms and defends them in his work."

It is with the same joyous facility that this artist accepts the directives of the Party and the government, from the Central Committee and its First Secretary. For who, if not the Party and its leader, knows best what kind of art we need? It is, after all, the Party that leads us to the Purpose in accordance with the rules of Marxism-Leninism, the Party that lives and works in constant contact with God. And so we have in it and in its leader the wisest and most experienced guide, who is competent in all questions of industry, linguistics, music, philosophy, painting, biology, etc. He is our Commander, our Ruler, our High Priest. To doubt his word is as sinful as to doubt the will of God.

These are the aesthetic and psychological concepts the knowledge of which is indispensable to anyone who would penetrate the secret of socialist realism. ■

—*On Socialist Realism* by Abram Tertz (Andrei Sinyavsky)

WHAT OF RUSSIA TODAY? *How great a change has there been since Stalin, since Khrushchev? Three voices: First, Col.* OLEG PENKOVSKIY (1919-1963), *master spy, whose posthumous papers, despite massive attempts to discredit them, bespeak an acquaintance with high-level Soviet bureaucracy and a gasping outrage at its fraudulence, cruelty and greed. Second,* MIHAJLO MIHAJLOV (b. 1934), *young Yugoslav literary critic who told the truth about the new, improved Russia and got jailed for it by enlightened, independent Tito. Third, Mihajlov's compatriot and fellow victim* MILOVAN DJILAS (b. 1911). *For probably as long as Mihajlov can remember, Djilas has been in prison. He has now been released, no thanks to such passages as that reprinted below, which remains an effective indictment of the regime ruling Russia today.*

How many forms and autobiographies must be filled out before a trip abroad is processed! And all of them in four and sometimes in five copies! One even has to bring with him a residence registration certificate when it is perfectly clear to everyone where one lives, because no one can live in Moscow without registering. I submitted eighteen photographs! What are they going to do with them, marinate them? This is such a tremendous job! My wife and I worked on it for two days, and still we could not finish it all.

The instructions also state that when you are traveling by train the conductor should seat you with your own sex. The instructions further state: do not drink, do not talk too much, and do not say anything you are not supposed to say, report all incidents to the ambassador or the consul or some other embassy representative who is responsible for these matters. Do not carry any secret materials or letters with you, do not make any notes, but if you have made some, keep them on yourself at all times, do not leave them in your hotel room, etc.

I remember that early in 1961 we sent a delegation to the Federal Republic of Germany. An engineer from Leningrad went with this delegation. He was co-opted by the GRU and made notes in his notebook. He put this notebook in his raincoat and forgot the raincoat in a car when he left. A search was conducted. The raincoat was found, but no notebook. He became so upset that when his comrades went to do some shopping he hanged himself in his hotel room. He used the cord of an electric iron which he had attached to the light fixture in the ceiling. They had taken this portable iron with them to save money on pressing. He used the cord of this iron.

His body was sent to Leningrad by plane. Later, at the place where he had worked, it was announced that he had not been normal and that he had suffered from constant headaches. This is how things are done in our country. ■

—Col. Oleg Penkovskiy: *The Penkovskiy Papers*

And so in the USSR today there is an ambiguous official attitude toward Stalinism and toward the early anti-Stalinists. On the one hand, Stalin is condemned as tyrannical and criminal, while on the other, anti-Stalinists are condemned in the same manner. . . . Many who were imprisoned remain to be cleared for rehabilitations have only just begun. An MGU student told me: "They have rehabilitated only their own people. The thousands of honest people—the non-members of the Party—what has happened to them?" And many people whom I met spoke with sarcasm about the procedure for rehabilitation of those who died in prisons or camps. The family receives a form on which the name of the prisoner and the official confirmation of the rehabilitation is written—and that is all. There is nothing about when, where or how the "rehabilitated" dead lost their lives, and there is no way of finding this out. Since there are few families that do not have at least one member to be "rehabilitated," discontent about half-way liquidation of Stalinism is widespread. At the same time, everybody feels strongly that the fight against Stalinism has only started, and people are optimistic regarding the eventual outcome of the fight.

The Soviet press is writing less and less about Fascist and Nazi camps, to avoid any comparisons with the Soviet camps. This is quite understandable. The first "death camps" were not founded by the Germans, but by the Soviets. In 1921, near Arkhanghelsk, they set up Kolmogor camp, for the sole purpose of physically destroying the prisoners. It operated successfully for many years and swallowed up many of the Bolsheviks' former allies—members of the non-Bolshevik revolutionary parties (S-Rs, Mensheviks and others). Ivan Shmelyov, the émigré writer who has recently been rehabilitated in the Soviet Union, describes in his famous book, *Dead Men's Sun* (to which Thomas Mann wrote an introduction), the dreadful years after the Russian civil war when in 1920-21 alone 120,000 men and women in the Crimea were shot without trial. Stories are still being told about a certain Vera Grebenykova, a young



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woman known pseudonymously as "Dora," who "worked" at that time in Odessa. She personally tortured and killed 700 prisoners. ■

—Mihajlo Mihajlov: *Moscow Summer*

Every crime was possible to Stalin, for there was not one he had not committed. Whatever standards we use to take his measure, in any event —let us hope for all time to come— to him will fall the glory of being the greatest criminal in history. For in him was joined the criminal senselessness of a Caligula with the refinement of a Borgia and the brutality of a Czar Ivan the Terrible.

I was more interested, and am more interested, in how such a dark, cunning and cruel individual could ever have led one of the greatest and most powerful states, not just for a day or a year, but for thirty years! Until precisely this is explained by Stalin's present critics—I mean his successors — they will only confirm that in good part they are only continuing his work and that they contain in their own make-up those same elements—the same ideas, patterns, and methods that propelled him. For in carrying out his undertaking not only did Stalin find it to his advantage to deal with an exhausted and desperate Russian post-revolutionary society, but it is also true that certain strata of that society, to be more exact, the ruling political bureaucracy of the Party, found use for just such a man—one who was reckless in his determination and extremely practical in his fanaticism. The ruling Party followed him doggedly and obediently—and he truly led it from victory to victory, until, carried away by power, he began to sin against it as well. Today this is all it reproaches him for, passing in silence over his many greater and certainly no less brutal crimes against the "class enemy"—the peasantry and the intelligentsia, and also the left and right wings within the Party and outside of it. And as long as that Party fails to break, both in its theory and especially in its practice, with everything that comprised the very originality and essence of Stalin and of Stalinism, namely, with the ideological unitarianism and so-called monolithic structure of the Party, it will be a bad but reliable sign that it has not emerged from under Stalin's shadow. Thus the present joy over the liquidation of the so-called anti-Party group of Molotov, despite all the odiousness of his personality and the depravity of his views, seems to me to be shallow and premature. For the essence of the problem is not whether this group is better than that, but that they should exist at all—and whether, at least as a beginning, the ideological and political monopoly of a single group in the USSR shall be ended. Stalin's dark presence continues to hover and— assuming that there will not be a war—one can fear that it will hover over the Soviet Union for a relatively long time. Despite the curses against his name, Stalin still lives in the social and spiritual foundations of the Soviet society. ■

—Milovan Djilas: *Conversations with Stalin*


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A rundown on Communism on the march by experts in the field: Paul Bethel, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Anthony Harrigan, Prakash Jain, Dr. Ronald Nairn

# THE REVOLUTION IN THE THIRD WORLD

Edited by Philip P. Ardrey Jr.

*Liberals fondly believe that the Russians are no longer exporting Communism, that Soviet imperialism is now just a catch phrase. NR correspondents round the world show a rougher reality. Behind the fading camouflage of coexistence, Soviet imperialism is pitching as hard as ever, sometimes cunning, sometimes clumsy, always brutal and unscrupulous. George Kennan, apostle of containment, says: "I just don't know what 'Communist' means today." Here is what Communism means to the peoples of the so-called Third World, struggling to keep or win their freedoms against subversion and terror.*

## I. Latin America

Today Communist guerrilla armies are fighting government troops in Bolivia, Guatemala, Venezuela and Colombia. Smaller terrorist forces are active in Brazil, Nicaragua and elsewhere. These organizations are all inspired and directed by Cuba. Much has been made of the "Havana-Moscow rift," particularly after Kosygin's meeting with Castro in Havana in June. Good propaganda for the Soviets, but far from the truth. Of course, Castro is not the perfect Communist. He believes the duty of a revolutionary is to make revolution. Moscow believes the duty of a revolutionary is to be a disciplined member of the revolutionary (i.e. Communist) Party. But the Soviet government still gives Castro a $1-million-a-day subsidy. Moscow is the impresario behind Castro's direction of the wide-scale terrorism in Latin America today.

The Soviets indirectly announced their supervisory interest early in 1965. A Moscow communiqué in support of a meeting of Latin American Communist parties in Havana said: "Active aid should be given to those who are currently subject to cruel repressions as, for instance, the freedom fighters in Venezuela, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Paraguay and Haiti." At that time, Soviet aid meant little more than guerrilla training for Cubans in the Soviet Union.

The Moscow leadership stepped out of the shadows at the Tricontinental Conference in Havana in January 1966. Leaders of "liberation movements" in Africa, Asia and Latin America were gathered together, according to the leader of the Soviet delegation, "to provide greater impetus to our common struggle against imperialism, colonialism, and neocolonialism—led by the U.S. capitalists." Moscow and Peking battled behind the scenes for control of the nonaligned delegates. Moscow, with its guarantees of massive material support, came out the winner.

Soviet behavior at the Tricontinental brought a fierce protest from Latin American capitals. What, the Uruguayan government asked the Soviet ambassador to Montevideo, had happened to peaceful coexistence? The ambassador weakly explained that the views expressed by Soviet delegates in Havana did not necessarily reflect those of the Kremlin.

The Soviets are encouraging, supporting and supplying the Communist guerrillas in Latin America, but at the same time they are seeking economic and diplomatic ties with the Latin American governments. These will be hard to come by, of course, if Moscow admits that it is the guiding hand behind the terrorist movements. Hence the news stories (leaked by Soviet diplomats in Europe) of Kosygin's vain efforts in Havana to cool off Castro's revolutionary fervor.

There's a second advantage to the Soviet posturing. Moscow has known all along that Castroite revolutions in Latin America have little chance of success. Peasant support is essential, but nowhere have the peasants rallied to the Communists in significant numbers. Nor can any of the present guerrilla bands boast leadership of Fidel's caliber. The failure of Castroite revolutions will discredit Castro, but the Soviet leaders, because of their public pretense, will walk out of the collapsing structure unsullied. For Moscow's goals in Latin America are primarily destructive. The best way to advance Soviet interests is to damage American interests. Even in failure, the Communist revolutionaries are doing just that. By terrorizing the countryside, they create instability, undermine democratic institutions, scare off private investment, and escalate American aid payments. At the same time, they are doing far graver damage to the people they seek to "liberate." President Carlos Lleras Restrepo of Colombia said earlier this year: "Guarding the nation against these attacks is bleeding the country economically. It is consuming resources that could be invested more advantageously in remedying the many needs of the Colombian peoples." It is the same story in the other countries afflicted by Communist terrorists.

We take first Bolivia, Guatemala, Venezuela, Colombia, all today under states of martial law as a result of Castro-directed anti-government guerrilla activity, then (in alphabetical order) the other states of Latin America where the Communist threat is somewhat less violent and centered on students and intellectuals and on restive urban and rural populations. This is not to say there is no guerrilla activity in these other nations of Latin America—only that the guerrilla threat is of secondary importance.



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## Bolivia

About 300 Bolivians have passed through Cuba's training camps for Communist theory and guerrilla tactics (run by graduates of similar schools in the USSR) over the last five years. Some graduates return to be functionaries in the pro-Soviet Communist Party, legal in Bolivia. Hence Bolivian government estimates for guerrilla strength—450—may be high. Say around three hundred. The guerrilla forces are concentrated in the southeast corner of Bolivia near the Paraguayan and Argentine borders. The interests of the guerrillas may go beyond Bolivia itself (as Danial James argues, *NR*, September 5). The camp may be the staging ground for the "two, three or many Vietnams" that the Cuban Communist Party (over Che Guevara's signature) called for on April 16. Paraguay and Argentina are within walking distance of the base, and Brazil, Chile and Peru not far away. Also the guerrillas come from many nations, which is unusual in a "national" liberation army, even one supervised by Castro. A Bolivian army communiqué of July 11 claimed that at least seventeen Cubans, fourteen Brazilians, four Argentines and three Peruvians had been identified among the guerrilla forces in Bolivia.

The guerrillas first attacked government troops on March 15, 1967. On March 28 President René Barrientos declared martial law in the southeastern provinces. Government counterattacks in April resulted in the capture of the French Marxist Régis Debray, a friend of Castro's, once a professor at the University of Havana and author of *Revolution Within a Revolution?*, which *Ramparts* describes as "a textbook for Latin American revolutionaries." Debay has become a *cause célèbre* for the Communist and liberal press which support his claim that he went to Bolivia as a journalist, not a fighter. His parents (French conservatives) and his publisher have tried to intervene on his behalf, but President Barrientos is so far unsympathetic. "The guerrillas are brave when they kill innocent people," he says, "but when they are captured they ask for the protection of *nanas* [nurses] to help them get out of trouble." The Bolivian masses agreed and held several demonstrations, demanding that Debray be executed. This popular reaction to foreign terrorism was to be expected, as the Bolivian Army is composed almost exclusively of peasants, and peasants have been the primary victims of Communist terrorism. Ironic, in that one of the major theses of *Revolution Within a Revolution?* is that peasants will rally to the revolutionary cause.

Although the peasants haven't helped the Communists, the tin miners have. Juan Lechín Oquendo, head of the non-Communist Revolutionary Party of the National Left, and the leader of the miners' union, is a bitter opponent of Barrientos. Bolivian Communist officials contend that many unemployed miners have joined the guerrillas. Not unlikely. In any case, Lechín's union has helped the terrorists by drawing security forces away from the guerrilla areas to quell disturbances among the miners and keep the mines going. Tin provides Bolivia with the bulk of its foreign exchange.

Communist-led students backed Communist demands in the mine center with the similar aim of keeping the army occupied. They rioted in Oruro, Catavi and other cities, destroyed stores, burned autos and blocked the traffic. Students declared their universities "free territory" and called Army General Alfredo Ovando an "enemy of the students." They also repeated earlier demands for Barrientos' resignation. Bolivia has more students (240) studying in Communist countries than any other Latin American nation. Several returnees from Moscow's Lumumba University have become professors, in sharp contrast to other parts of Latin America, where Lumumba graduates find it hard to get university appointments. Barrientos has, however, maintained academic autonomy, though warning that Communist agitation was threatening that autonomy. The leftist ferment among the intelligentsia therefore continues under license while the army struggles with the guerrillas.

The death of Che Guevara, confirmed by Bolivian army officials October 10, is a significant setback for the revolutionary forces. Perhaps even more significant are the increasing numbers of reports—some of them trace to Guevara—that the guerrillas are undersupplied and often undernourished. Deprived of peasant support, the Communists must rely on Cuba for sustenance, and, understandably, the flow of supplies from Havana to the Bolivian jungles has been little more than a trickle.

Until recently the Bolivian Army was also poorly equipped (the U.S. is now supplying weapons and training for anti-guerrilla forces), and the personnel turnover is so rapid that there are never many experienced men in uniform. The Barrientos government is in trouble, more trouble perhaps than any other Latin American regime, but still the guerrillas are not close to taking control. Perhaps they aren't trying. They seem content to roam the countryside, costing Bolivia a few lives and $30,000 each month, and waiting for the orders that will send them into neighboring states.

## Guatemala

Julio César Méndez Montenegro, a leftist university professor, upset the military candidate in the last Guatemalan presidential election, March 6, 1966. He inherited a strong and violent Communist element, dating from the days of Jacobo Arbenz Guzman, the pro-Communist Guatemalan President of the early Fifties, and allowed to thrive under Méndez Montenegro's do-nothing predecessor, Peralta Azurdia. On the day he assumed office, Méndez Montenegro offered the Communists an open hand, asking them to put down their weapons and join in the democratic processes. Offer refused. Twenty-six days later the Congress, controlled by the President's party, offered an amnesty for all political and criminal prisoners. Offer again rejected, in what the President termed "an unbelievably arrogant reply—a public admission that what the rebels seek is power itself. Of course, this haughty reply left those people clearly and definitely outside the law."

Such wooing of the Communists has infuriated the conservative landowners, who felt the government was moving too slowly in its fight against terrorism. Hence the "White Hand," a counterinsurgency group pledged to kill five Communists for every non-Communist slain by the guerrillas. Thus Guatemala during the



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past year has seen a grim approximation of the Chicago gang wars, with the President pleading for peace and trying to root out the hardcore terrorists on both sides.

On November 4, 1966, Méndez declared martial law. Restrictions are still in effect, although the emergency is now called a "state of alarm." There has indeed been martial law on and off ever since the two original revolutionaries, Luis Turcios Lima and Marco Antonio Yon Sosa, fled to the Eastern hills in 1960. Both became Communists about 1962. They led two separate and often conflicting terrorist movements until October 2, 1966, when Turcios was killed in a car accident. The Turcios group, the Rebel Armed Forces (FAR), is pro-Moscow; the smaller Yon Sosa group, the 13th of November Movement, was once labeled pro-Peking. Both were represented at the Tricontinental, where Castro praised Turcios and the FAR, adding: "We hope that Yon Sosa . . . will not delay in divorcing himself from these [Trotskyist] elements and will return to the Guatemalan revolutionary movement, but this time under a different leader. . . ." As always, Fidel has been obeyed. A Guatemalan delegate announced at the July 1967 conference of the Latin American Solidarity Organization (LASO) in Havana that the 13th of November Movement is once again "acting according to the principles of Marxist ideology." The new leader of the combined forces is César Montes, a Castro appointee.

Castro's hand has been more visible in Guatemala than elsewhere, and the revolution, once an indigenous movement, seems to be suffering in consequence. Turcios was something of a popular hero. Montes is not. The few sincere nationalists have left the movement. Recently, the Indians (about half Guatemala's population) have moved decisively to side with the government against the guerrillas.

Though the Guatemalan Labor Party (Communist) has been outlawed since Arbenz's overthrow in 1954, it retains considerable but not overwhelming support among students and intellectuals. Observers say that Communist cells in the cities use blackmail, hold-ups, kidnapings and other means to collect money for the guerrillas. As elsewhere in Latin America, university autonomy is abused by the Communists to provide aid for the terrorists, though government censorship of the press conceals the full dimensions of that aid.

Méndez Montenegro now seems to have firm control of the military (there were some hard feelings after the 1966 presidential election). The government is on the offensive. Total guerrilla strength is now estimated at about 300 men, almost 200 fewer than a year ago. Nevertheless, the guerrillas fight not only in the Eastern hills but also in Guatemala City, where gang-style gun battles between Communists and the White Hand took place as recently as August 25. The government should continue to make progress against the terrorists, but this war, too, will be expensive in dollars and lives.

### Venezuela

President Raul Leoni has said time and again that guerrilla elements are insignificant. In truth there are 400 terrorists at large, striking often in cities and villages throughout the nation. Paul Bethel, our Latin American correspondent, illustrates the extent of guerrilla action in Venezuela this summer:

July 15: Cuban radio reports that the "Simon Bolivar" column commanded by Luben Petkoff ambushed an army patrol 350 kilometers from Caracas. Pedro Urdaneta, a soldier, was killed. In Caracas, the army claimed three guerrillas dead.

July 16: Two soldiers killed when ambushed by the "José Leonardo



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Chirino" column commanded by Baltasar Febles in Lara State.

July 18: The "Rafael Urdaneta" column under student guerrilla leader Freddy Marquez ambushed another army patrol near Bocono, in Trujillo State. Radio Havana reported two soldiers killed. And so on.

Rural guerrillas are almost everywhere, but particularly in Falcón State, to the west of Caracas, and in the El Bachiller range to the East. Urban terrorist groups, most prominent in Caracas, are the most disruptive on the continent and draw support from students, professors, artists, journalists and some members of the upper class. In cosmopolitan Caracas, the Western phenomenon of a radical intelligentsia is much in evidence.

Communist students sabotage American-owned businesses and murder policemen, some of whom are known to have been buried in the grounds of the University of Caracas, which is regarded as a haven for Communist terrorists. So flagrant has been the abuse of university autonomy that the police at the end of 1966 moved into Caracas University and seized a large arsenal of machine guns and hand grenades. While the educational system is permeated by Communism down to secondary school level, mass organizations of urban workers and peasants are dominated by the non-Communist left, to the specific exclusion of Communists and fellow travelers.

The guerrillas are unusually well equipped. The long coastline is impossible to police and ships (unconfirmed reports say Soviet submarines ferry men and supplies in from Cuba). Early in May 1967, a ship sailing from Santiago de Cuba landed seven Cubans and nine Venezuelan guerrillas on a beach near Machurucuto. One of the invaders was killed, two were captured later, and the Venezuelan security forces seized a radio transmitter, maps of the El Bachiller region, a Russian-designed AK-47 automatic rifle, a Star pistol, cartridges, $9700 in $50 bills, and 1,455 Bolivars in bills of various denominations.

Douglas Bravo, leader of the Armed Forces of National Liberation (FALN), has just been in Cuba for talks with Castro—a routine conference for a Venezuelan guerrilla. Almost all the Venezuelan terrorist commanders have been intensively trained in Cuba. Manuel Celestino Marcano Carrasquel, a Venezuelan guerrilla fighter, testified to an investigating committee from the Organization of American States about his training:

"I took courses in guerrilla and counter-guerrilla tactics, theory and practice; automatic and semi-automatic weapons, especially Springfield, Garand, Fals, M-1, Mendoza machine guns, as well as the Mexican, the 30 and 50 caliber. . . . In explosives I was given a course that covered home-made bombs using chlorate, grenades, booby traps, Molotov cocktails of various kinds—including wickless-detonating wicks, blasting caps . . . they put a great deal of emphasis on blowing up oil pipelines . . . I took a course in map-making and map-reading. . . . As for logistics, I took a course in organization, coordination and structure in supply, production, solidarity and health. I gained experience in handling American and Chinese bazookas, mortars . . . in radio, how to operate transmitting and receiving equipment, construction of equipment of up to 90 watts, construction and measurement of antennas, and measures to jam radio direction-finders. Military radiotelegraphy on the basis of the Code. Theories of Marxism-Leninism, study of texts of political philosophy, Soviet and Chinese literature.

". . . The hiding places for making indirect contacts, places where it would have been possible to leave explosives, arms, money; the international post boxes for direct correspondence on the basis of cryptography. . . . I do not know whether the Minister turned over to you the Soviet code that they gave me in Mexico, which has gammas for the protection of messages. . . . I acquired other knowledge, such as falsification of documents, make-up, tailoring, simulation of dialects, phonetics. . . ."

The Venezuelan government is fighting a sophisticated enemy. Despite President Leoni's claims of relative calm, Venezuelans are still living under martial law (partially relaxed in July, when the right to hold public meetings was restored). A high percentage of the armed forces is fighting the guerrillas, using heavy artillery, reconnaissance planes and helicopters in their operations. Venezuelan intelligence sources are usually good, and government troops have managed to kill or capture many terrorist leaders. But little can be done to shut off the influx of men and material from Cuba. An OAS committee is looking into charges of Cuban aggression, but the most that can come out is another denunciation of Castro. Strong democratic traditions protect Venezuela from the likelihood of a Communist takeover, but terrorism is unlikely to be curtailed significantly in the months (perhaps years) ahead.

## Colombia

Widespread banditry survives from *la violencia* (the titanic 1943-58 civil war which claimed over 200,000 lives) into Colombia's democratic era. The bandit gangs have provided Castro with a ready-made guerrilla force that, with indoctrination and material support, could be transferred intact to the Communist cause. There are probably 350 Communist or Communist-led terrorists in Colombia. The former bandit leaders among them have not needed training in Cuba, so that Castro has been able to avoid the heavy-handed puppeteering that alienated the nationalists in Guatemala. The leading Communist guerrilla in Colombia, Tiro Fijo (Sure Shot), was once a famous bandit and is still something of a national hero to many peasants.

He commands the larger of Colombia's two revolutionary groups, the Revolutionary Armed Forces (FAR). The FAR has bands in the countryside and city cells, and has launched attacks of 120 men at one time. There seems to be no dissension between the FAR and the other group, the National Liberation Army (ELN) which operates near the Venezuelan border.

As in Venezuela, the guerrillas benefit from a Caribbean coastline, thick jungles and agitation by the intelligentsia. Though the (legal) Colombian Communist Party claims only 13,000 card-carrying members, observers put the real figure at around 40,000, well-organized in small cells throughout the country to collect money and arms for the guerrillas. These agitators, mainly students and



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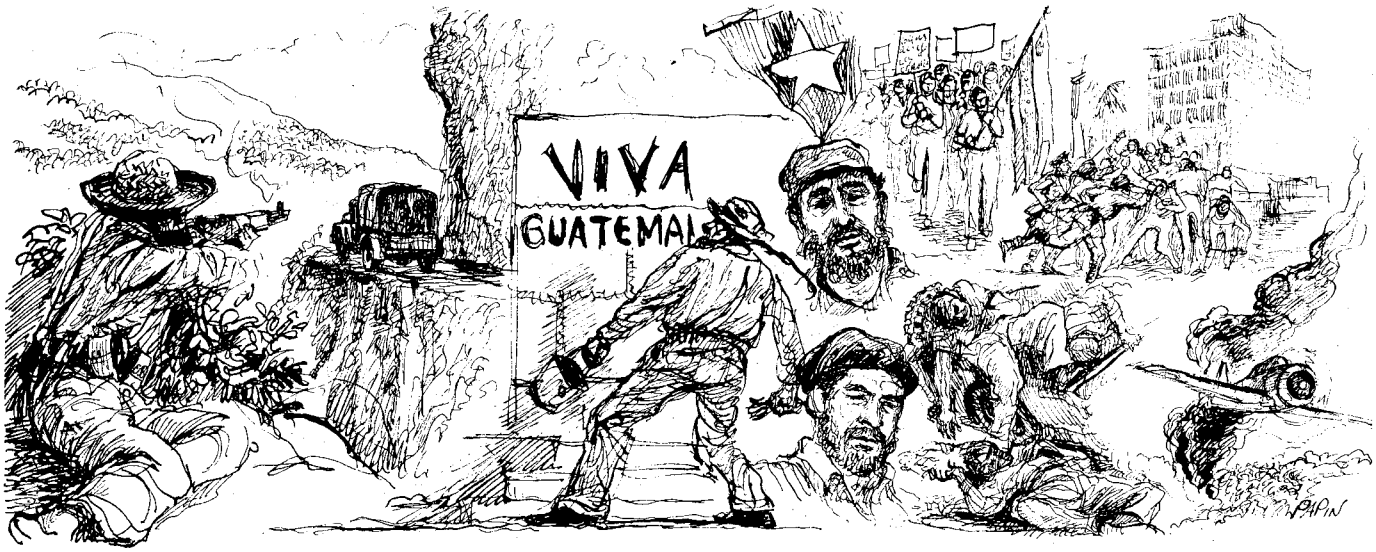


intellectuals, control the National University by terror and blackmail. This summer Communist-led students used a rise in bus fares as a pretext for riots in Bogotá and Barranquilla, resulting in over 500 arrests. President Carlos Lleras Restrepo has on this as on other occasions had to send troops into the university (university autonomy having been suspended by government decree last year). Each time, the troops have found arms, ammunition, explosives and Communist propaganda leaflets, most of them printed in Havana. The government outlawed the Communist-supported Colombian National Federation of Students in a decree last October, which also forbade the carrying of firearms and the writing of subversive propaganda. So far, the Communists in the universities have had little difficulty operating underground.

The Colombian government is trying hard to eliminate the guerrillas, though this means a proportionate neglect of the country's other needs. Over 60 per cent of the armed forces, about 20,000 men, are presently fighting the guerrillas. U.S. advisers are aiding the government and authoritative sources say that Americans have joined in the fighting. The Colombian army is beefing up its own strength and 5,000 specially trained anti-guerrilla fighters were sent into the field in April.

President Lleras has begun joint border operations with the Venezuelan government. This should hit the ELN and the Venezuelan Forces of National Liberation (the Douglas Bravo group), for in the past guerrillas in the area have hopped over the border when security forces of one nation got too close to their hideouts.

Colombia is the fourth Latin American nation now under martial law (last declared March 14, 1967). Communist terrorism has already resulted in the flight of $100 million in much-needed private investment capital.

### Argentina

Several factors point to Argentina as the next country to be afflicted by a Castro-directed revolution. One, the guerrillas in Bolivia, adjacent to the Argentine border, were for some time, as we now know, directed by Che Guevara, whose ambition must have been to "liberate" his countrymen. Two, the Communist Party in Argentina, which was "dissolved" by military government June 28, 1966, is 60,000 strong, the largest in Latin America. Castro and the Soviet leaders may have decided originally to give the bureaucrats in the official party a chance to do something on their own (this is the policy in Uruguay), but presidential politics moved from the right further to the right in the summer of 1966, when a military junta ousted a conservative president. Now would seem to be the time to rouse the passive Communists in Argentina, and Che was the man Castro designated for the job.

Perónism had a substantially greater appeal than Communism for Argentine labor, and after Perón's overthrow in 1955 anti-Communist legal actions effectively barred the Party from political participation. Nevertheless, the Communists control a few urban unions, though they exert little influence in the General Confederation of Labor (CGT). Communists and their allies have had influence at the national universities. At Buenos Aires University, the Marxist slate (Communist and Socialist) frequently won a majority of student seats in elections under the traditional tripartite (student, faculty, and administration) system of university self-government during the 1960s. When the military regime suspended the tripartite system in June 1966, the Communists protested vigorously. More protests came in April 1967, when the government published a new university law, eliminating altogether the student vote in the determination of university policies. The new order also banned any activity that assumed the form of militancy, agitation, propaganda, proselytism, or indoctrination of a political character, and asserted the government's right to intervene in university affairs if government intervention is deemed "in the national interest." If widespread opposition to the Ongania regime continues to increase, the Communists both in the universities and the labor unions may make common cause with other leftist groups.

### Brazil

Only recently have reports of guerrilla activity in this country been confirmed by the government. On August 1, police in Brasilia announced that a large cache of bombs had been uncovered in Uberlandia, 300 miles to the south. The newspaper *Jornal do Brasil* reported on August 20 that troops had rounded up about 170 persons suspected of guerrilla activity in



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the eastern Matto Grosso state. According to officials, the army had conducted anti-guerrilla operations in the area for several months, but information was withheld to prevent public alarm.

Brazilian government officials disagree on the seriousness of guerrilla activity. José de Magalhães Pinto, Foreign Relations Minister, called the June conference of the Latin American Solidarity Organization in Havana "a farce" and insisted that no additional measures are necessary to deal with subversives in Brazil. Vice President Pedro Aleixo disagreed. "It would be a foolish thing to let subversive elements grow bigger in our country," Aleixo said. "To call the LASO conference a farce that does not deserve serious attention is the position not of a liberal but of a fool."

The Communist Party was officially abolished after the civilian-backed military takeover that overthrew President Goulart in April 1965. CP membership is estimated to have fallen from 30,000 to 20,000 as a result, and its infiltration and in some cases control of important labor, student and bureaucratic groups lessened. The pro-Soviet PCB and its prestigious leader, Luis Carlos Prestes, generally favor coexistence with the regime, though the much smaller pro-Chinese CPB stands for revolution by guerrilla warfare. Although the PCB has little in common with Havana and Castro has at times called for violent struggle in Brazil, Cuban and Brazilian Communists generally pay little attention to each other. No immediate prospect of a Communist take-over.

## Chile

Except for Cuba, Chile's ruling Christian Democratic Party is further to the left than is any other Latin American government. Yet all the CDP's opposition is still further to the left. In the last presidential election, a coalition of the Communist Party (legal in Chile) and other Marxist parties came up with 39 per cent of the vote—the closest the Communists have ever come to taking control of a nation by democratic means. President Frei is constantly harassed by the Communists in government, particularly by Senate President Salvatore Allende. Communists control the national labor organizations and are making serious inroads into Frei's own CDP. At the CDP's last national convention, the extreme left wing captured control, and the party went on record expressing its "ideological solidarity" with LASO, Castro's subversion network in the hemisphere. In July, a group headed by Allende established a LASO chapter in Santiago.

Frei is frankly disturbed by the political situation in Chile, particularly within the CDP. After their convention, he said that he had "morally condemned [his] party's decision to support the subversive Latin American Solidarity Organization." Still, with powers far less than those of most Latin American presidents (a Senate vote prevented Frei from traveling to Washington in January), it remains to be seen whether he can stem the rising Comunist tide.

The CDP is winning numbers of young people, intellectuals and the poor away from the Communists. But Communist and Socialist leaders firmly control Chile's national labor federation (CUTCH) and through its affiliated unions influence most of Chile's organized workers. There are also strong cultural ties between Chile and Eastern Europe. There are exchanges of scientific and political delegations with East Germany, Czechoslovakia and the USSR. Two-hundred ten Chileans are studying in Communist countries. However, Castro's vehement denunciations of the Frei government in recent months have reduced previously abundant Chile-Cuba contacts to a trickle.

## Dominican Republic

The surprise victory of Joachim Balaguer in the June 1966 presidential election brought about a serious split in the ranks of the Dominican Communists. There are now five factions of the Party, all in disagreement on the tactics of opposition to the Balaguer government. Democracy is not yet fully on its feet and resentment of the U.S. intervention in 1965 is still strong, but the Communists have not taken advantage of their political opportunities. Communists, particularly the Castroites, continue to agitate among organized labor and university and secondary students. Leftists dominate one of the nation's three labor confederations, also the Dominican Student Federation at Santo Domingo University and the Union of Revolutionary Students in the secondary schools.



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### Guyana

Dr. Cheddi B. Jagan was Premier when Guyana was British Guiana, but the British gerrymandered his People's Progressive Party out of power so that when independence came (May 26, 1966), it would come under a non-Communist government. It's not entirely clear whether the PPP is Communist, though Jagan and his wife maintain cordial relations with officials in Cuba and in Moscow, and Jagan has described himself as a Marxist while evading the question of Communist affiliation. The PPP finds its support among the Indians (over half the population and growing), while Negroes vote for the ruling coalition of the Peoples National Congress and the United Force parties. Jagan has so far stuck to parliamentary opposition, but the PPP will have the inside track in the 1969 parliamentary elections. With its Caribbean coastline and boundaries with Venezuela and Brazil, Guyana would be valuable real estate for Moscow. Eventual PPP rule is inevitable. How far will Jagan support Castroite terrorism? He talked like a committed revolutionary at the Tricontinental, but politicians' words and deeds oft diverge, particularly in Latin America. It is certain that he told a Commonwealth Commission of Inquiry appointed to look into Negro-East Indian rioting in then British Guiana, in 1962 when he was premier, that "he could be described as a Communist," that "he believed in the Communist creed of 'each according to his ability; each according to his need.'" As soon as Guiana achieved independence, said Jagan, he would turn to Eastern Europe for aid.

### Haiti

The government of François "Papa Doc" Duvalier is the only regime in the hemisphere more ruthless than Castro's. The last voting took place on April 30, 1961, and there was just one candidate, Papa Doc. His term did not expire until May 1963, so the election came as something of a surprise to Haitians. In 1964, Duvalier dropped all democratic pretense and declared himself president for life. Radio Havana beams broadcasts to Haiti, and a Tricontinental resolution called for "liberation of the Haitian peoples by violence." But Castro has given very little aid to Haiti's small group of revolutionaries. Fidel and his Moscow mentors rightly see the democratic governments in Latin America as the real threats to Communism, and are content to let Duvalier dig his own grave. Recent rumors have it that Duvalier is preparing to skip and cuddle up abroad with his Swiss bankroll. If he does, there will be a scramble to fill the vacuum and a repeat of the 1965 war in the other half of the island is likely. As in the Dominican Republic, American troops may be needed.

### Nicaragua

The Somoza government has made light of guerrilla activity, but the opposition daily *La Prensa* reports recent fighting near the Honduran border. At least 25 guerrillas are said to have been killed by the National Guard in the Matagalpa Mountains, 90 miles north of Managua. In mid-August, three companies were sent up there on "routine counterinsurgency maneuvers." *La Prensa* says three Cubans have been identified among the Matagalpa guerrillas. The government seems to be dealing effectively with the guerrillas. No surprise, the fiercely anti-Communist Somozas are known for hiding their iron fist in a steel glove.

The Socialist Party of Nicaragua (Communist) was outlawed in 1945, and some of its leaders have been exiled. The Communists are active in the labor unions, particularly in Nicaragua's chief labor organization, the General Confederation of Labor and also in the Managua Workers Federation. Communist fronts draw in many students, especially at the National University. Young Communists joined in the rioting last January when the non-Communist opposition clashed with government troops. The Nicaraguan Communists mostly follow the Soviet line, though some young agitators favor the Peking-Havana approach.

### Panama

Communist participation in the more recent Canal Zone demonstrations may have been overestimated, though the Communists do want the canal to become Panamanian property. The Communist Party, outlawed in 1953, has shrunk to about 500 members. Its leaders engineered large anti-government demonstrations in Panama City and Colón last year, but now policy seems to be to lie low until the new canal treaty is negotiated. Panama is likely to get better terms if the U.S. can feel it has nothing to fear from the Communists. With the treaty in the bag, the Communists may make a major effort to take over.

Although the Communist Party is not allowed to participate in elections, the Party runs candidates on the slates of other parties. The Communists also control several influential university and secondary school organizations. But though the Party leadership is pro-Soviet, its fronts are split into Moscow and Peking factions. At Panama University, the Reform Unity Movement is pro-Peking, while the Federation of Panamanian Students (FEP) is pro-Moscow. In the secondary schools, the pro-Peking Federation of Revolutionary Students competes with the FEP.

### Paraguay

The strongarm Stroessner government has either jailed or exiled all the known Communist leaders. U.S. State Department figures on party membership read "about 5,000, of whom 4,500 are in exile." Still, with the guerrilla camps just across the border in Bolivia, the Communists may have a future in Paraguay. The government is so undemocratic that some sincerely nationalist elements may go to Castro for support. It's happened before, and each time Cuban support has become Cuban control.

Most Paraguayan Communists operate from Argentina, Brazil or Uruguay. The main party (PCP) supports the USSR, but there is a small pro-Chinese splinter group based in Buenos Aires and Montevideo. In addition there is a Commission for the Defense and Reorganization of the PCP whose aim is to wrest control of the PCP from Oscar Creydt. All these factions advocate the use of violence to overthrow the Stroessner regime.

### Peru

In 1965, the Movement of the Revolutionary Left joined with students to form an active guerrilla force, but the government's swift counteroffensive had all but destroyed the revolutionary apparatus by mid-1966. The Cuban Communist Party acknowledged this setback on April 23, 1967



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trolled and Communist-occupied and on a shadowy line between the nations that are Communist and those that are free. Neighboring Thailand is fighting its own "Vietcong" in the northeast and will probably stand, or fall, with South Vietnam. Only last week American intelligence sources revealed that Red China has guerrilla training schools in operation and has opened a new front in Northern Thailand (guerrilla activity to date has been confined to the northeast). According to these reports at least two hundred subversive agents have been infiltrated into northern Thailand either through Burma or through Laos. Malaysia has a Communist guerrilla problem, but it is mostly a mop-up operation now that Sukarno has fallen and his "Crush Malaysia" guerrillas have lost their home and supply base.

### Burma

In the homeland of Secretary-General U Thant, the government is trying desperately to negotiate with Communist terrorists who are looting, burning and killing in city and countryside alike. The illegal Communist Party has about 5,000 members. Both the "White Flag" and "Red Flag" factions favor armed insurrection to achieve power, but long-standing animosity between their leaders divides them. The government of General Ne Win seems safe for the moment, only because the opposition is already bickering over the division of the spoils.

### Cambodia

Prince Norodom Sihanouk, self-proclaimed neutralist with a leftist bias, moved against the Chinese in mid-September. Two pro-Peking cabinet ministers were thrown out, the Cambodia-China Friendship Association was dissolved, and all privately operated newspapers were suspended. Sihanouk also announced a nationwide referendum for January or February to choose between himself "and a handful of Cambodian renegades who are betraying our country." Sihanouk's actions do not necessarily mean a more pro-American outlook in the future, but they do indicate that he was not courting the Communists as actively as some have suspected. Communist soldiers in Vietnam do flee into Cambodia, but Sihanouk has never encouraged this. Dr. Ronald Nairn, our Southeast Asian correspondent, calls this foreign policy a "complete accommodation towards China and North Vietnam in an attempt to buy Cambodian autonomy for as long as possible." Even now, Sihanouk's independence is highly dependent on Vietnam. If the North wins, Communist pressures inside Cambodia will be irresistible. And the same goes for Laos.

### Ceylon

The government recently closed the Chinese eating houses in Colombo in the futile hope of breaking up the large Chinese Communist cells. Communists have infiltrated the Siri Lanka Freedom Party, the island's second largest political group, and they control the Ceylon Trade Union Federation. The Communists can also feed on the serious economic difficulties here. Prime targets for Communist indoctrination are the 500,000 educated unemployed among the population of twelve million.

### India

Nehru once called Communism "the wave of the future" and Karl Marx "a Mahatma." Today the Communists thrive under Mrs. Indira Gandhi's permissive policies. The Party has 125,000 members, with little dissension between the pro-Soviet and pro-Chinese branches. By forming united fronts with other leftist parties, the Communists gained control of Kerala and West Bengal in the March 1967 elections. The pro-Moscow wing controls the All-India Trade Union Council, and Communist-inspired work stoppages have damaged India's ailing economy. The Chinese branch is organizing armed peasant rebellion near the Chinese border. In Assam, the Chinese-trained Mizo National Front has taken 500 lives in guerrilla fighting during the past year. Prakash Jain writes that the Chinese "are winning, and there is no force or idea to stop them."

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### Japan

In Japan, the gap between average productivity and standard of living is the widest in any industrialized country except South Africa. Communists have made the most of the "exploitation" of the masses to build a strong organized proletarian party in Japan. The Japanese Communist Party is 225,000 members strong and growing. More important than the number is the fact that many Communists here are key industrial workers, and a concerted effort by the Party could effectively shut down the Japanese economy. The workers have staged general strikes protesting U.S. military bases in Japan and U.S. involvement in Vietnam, and more strikes, instigated by Communists and backed by other leftist elements in the working class, are threatened in the months ahead.

Once decidedly pro-Peking, the JCP is now straddling the fence, courting Chinese financial support but calling for a unification of all Communists (presumably under Soviet leadership) to stop American advances in Vietnam. In their call for an end to American involvement in the Far East, the Communists have found strong allies among non-Communist socialists, as Marxism in Japan is still largely theoretical and the Japanese have seen none of the disillusioning realities that have hurt the Communist movement in Europe. Anti-Americanism and discontent among the workers are growing here, and inevitably, Communist strength is growing with them. However, the convolutions in Mainland China in the year and a half of the cultural revolution, closely reported by the Japanese press, have tended, temporarily at least, to cool the ardor of many younger Japanese intellectuals for revolution Mao-style.

### Nepal

Here too there is a grand Chinese design—to join Nepal with Bhutan and the Indian protectorate of Sikkim into a new mountainous "People's Republic." China has 200,000 troops waiting just across the Nepalese border in Tibet, and King Mohendra is at Peking's mercy. He has been coerced into accepting technical assistance for roadbuilding and other construction projects, all suited to the logistical needs of the Chinese once they decide to move in. Chinese infiltration in Nepal has helped to build the illegal Communist Party to its much increased strength of 15,000.

### Pakistan

President Ayub's desire for Kashmir seems to be drawing him toward the Chinese, who, as India's greatest enemy, might be expected to befriend Pakistan. In East Pakistan, a coalition of Communist and leftists won ten seats in the March 1965 elections. Former Foreign Minister Bhutto is inspiring a pro-Chinese separatist movement in East Pakistan, the idea being to join the region with West Bengal and Assam into a new Communist "People's Republic." Ayub has so far taken no action against the secessionists, perhaps because he wants to keep the bulk of his troops in West Pakistan on the Kashmir border, but stern measures may soon be needed.

## IV. Middle East

It is still difficult to say how much Moscow won or lost in the Mideast war in July. Next to the Israelis, the Soviets were probably the major winners, since anti-American sentiment has increased markedly over the summer in all the Middle Eastern capitals except Tel Aviv. But even now, the Soviets' standing in the nations most sympathetic to them, Egypt and Syria, is no better than it is in Algeria. The Soviets give a lot of assistance to the governments in power, but they wield little power themselves. Ironically, the only Mideast government that allows Communist political activity is Israel.

For all his anti-Western talk, Nasser has always kept the Communists under tight control, and there is little likelihood of a Communist takeover in Egypt. The palpable Communist threat is in Syria, where the government has struck a bargain with the illegal Communist Party. In return for Communist support for the ruling Ba'th regime, one Communist has been given a cabinet post, and the Party's most important leader, Khalid Bakdash, has been allowed to return home after eight years of exile in Eastern Europe. He was forced to leave after the fleeting unification of Syria and Egypt into the United Arab Republic in 1958. These developments have increased Communist influence in Syria, but there remains relatively little danger of a Communist coup. Nasser is likely to use his influence to keep Communist progress to a minimum. Most of the leaders of the Egyptian CP are in jail or in exile.

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The time: the late 1970s.
The place: a prison camp
in the Arctic Circle.
The narrator:
a former citizen of
the country called America

# THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS: A PREVIEW?

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

Vorkuta Camp, sub-camp 17B
February 17, 197-

I realize that I cannot hope to live much longer and I am grateful to my interrogators for giving me this chance to tell my story. I was born in Boston, Massachusetts in 1916. My father had inherited a sizable fortune from his father, which derived from the exploitation of the workers in a number of cotton mills. I was educated at Choate and Harvard, and graduated *summa cum laude* in 1937. My views at that time were jejune and incorrect. As I now see, I was misled by left-wing liberal thinkers into believing that the so-called democratic powers, such as the United States, offered a viable alternative to Fascism. I did not then understand that they were themselves semi-Fascist societies. So great was my intellectual confusion that I even thought of myself as a Communist, though I never read *Das Kapital*. In these circumstances of ignorance it is hardly surprising that I failed to understand the true nature of the Spanish Civil War. I enthusiastically supported the Spanish Republicans, and it was in this connection that I first came into contact with American Communist Party members, including G., who may be in this camp if he has not already been liquidated.

I became a close friend and adviser of G. Eventually I told him, one evening in Central Park, that I too would like to join the Communist Party of the United States. I recall how cold it was with snow on the ground. It was a month or more before I heard from G. again. Then I met him on the Staten Island Ferry. He told me that I was of no interest to the Party unless I was prepared to obey unswervingly any instructions that I might receive. I agreed. A few days later he rang me at my office—I was working for a firm of publishers—and instructed me to meet him on Amsterdam Avenue at 7:30 that evening. I waited for some time. At last G. turned up with a stranger with a foreign accent which may have been German. The three of us sat in a German beer parlor. The stranger ordered me to apply immediately for a post in the State Department and if possible to identify myself with my father's political views; my father had been elected to Congress when I was in my teens. He was a Democrat and a fairly close friend of President Roosevelt's.

My head aches unbearably. I can write no more today.

February 18

The interrogators told me last night that I had been lazy yesterday and should have written more. I realize that time is short. They told me of the criminally stupid uprising by the Pittsburgh workers and of the measures that will have to be taken. I am fully aware that my fate and theirs are linked. I am not of course criticizing my interrogators. They treat me well here and often let me sleep as long as three hours at a time. Unlike the other place. My fingernails have even begun to grow again.

I was first posted to Washington late in 1939 and I was the victim of ideological confusion. I failed to see immediately the wisdom and correctness of the Nazi-Soviet Pact and I am ashamed to say that I had doubts about the policy of the great Soviet Union. I saw little of G. until after the German militarists had made their iniquitous attack on the peace-loving Soviet Union, in June of 1941. Unfortunately I was then working in the South American department, and thus there was little information that I could give G. He therefore instructed me to obtain other employment. I had considerable difficulty in obtaining a temporary release from the State Department, but fortunately my father was able to speak to the Secretary in my behalf.

My new duties, during the four years that we were at war, were essentially those of liaison between the State Department and Military Intelligence. I spent some time in London, shortly before D-Day, and was able to pass a certain amount of information concerning the forthcoming invasion to my London contact, Lord C., who was later a member of the Harold Wilson government. Had he not disappeared three years ago, I am sure he would have supported my claim that I was at this time loyally serving both the Party and the Soviet Union. At the Yalta Conference, I hope that my views may have in some small measure influenced American policy and contributed to the generally happy outcome in Eastern Europe. Certainly they won the approval of my superior, Mr. O., who later became a victim in the McCarthyite purge and who has since died.

I hear the midday siren. They are bringing me my soup now. I wonder what is happening in Pittsburgh.

February 19

I had a new interrogator last night, a younger man. He said his father had been killed by the Germans in the Second World War but he looked so young that I think he must have meant his grandfather. He said that because of his father's death he hated all Western Europeans and Americans. He told me that I was not writing my confession correctly. I must put in more about my private life. For instance, had I not masturbated as a boy? I said that I did not see how this could be of interest to anyone. He became extremely angry and said that it was not for me to decide what to leave out. He said that G. had confessed to having had



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homosexual relations with me during the years 1947-1950. I told him that this was untrue and that this was the period when I was first married to my wife, Anne. Again he became extremely angry and told me that I was lying. He then gave me a piece of paper to sign confirming G.'s statement. When I hesitated to sign it, he threatened to send me back to the other place, and I signed it. Why do they make me sign these papers and write this confession, too? But they must know best.

I had been back in my cell for only a few minutes when I was summoned out again and this time led to a large and luxurious car. I had not been in such a car since I left America and I suddenly remembered what the traffic used to look like on Murray Hill in the old days when the lights in the Park Avenue skyscrapers were all going on at dusk. I suddenly felt homesick, though I consoled myself with the thought that with gasoline rationed in America there can be very few cars on Murray Hill these days.

I was driven for about three-quarters of an hour and then led into the drawing-room of what appeared to be a most comfortably furnished private house. A general of the KGB was seated, in uniform, by the fire. He shook me by the hand and offered me a Scotch and soda which I accepted. He spoke perfect English and indeed I wondered if he was perhaps an Englishman. He particularly wanted to know what measures had been taken in the old days to control American students. I explained that students had been free to demonstrate or not as they chose. He seemed to find this quite incredible. He was most frank and open with me, his manner entirely friendly. He explained that they were worried about the students at Berkeley, California. I said that surely the Young Communist League was entirely in control there these days. He said that that was precisely the trouble. The Young Communist leaders demonstrated against the removal of the equipment from the scientific laboratories at Berkeley and elsewhere. He was anxious to discover if there were any means of controlling them before extreme measures were taken. I was unable to help him. He then asked me if I had any questions. I told him that I could not help wondering what was happening in Pittsburgh. He replied that the workers, thrown out of their jobs when the steel plants were dismantled and moved to Manchuria, had staged a hunger march which was of course against the law. Members of the Russian Control Commission had been insulted by placards outside their hotel. It was likely that extreme measures would have to be taken. In any event Pittsburgh was no longer of any use to the Soviets.

February 20

A shattering interrogation last night. It was my old interrogator and he told me at once that he had terrible news for me. He then handed me a copy of the newspaper *Truth* published in New York that morning. I there read of the Pittsburgh disaster. Members of the Ku Klux Klan had somehow acquired an atom bomb, presumably from the old stockpile of these weapons before they were destroyed or removed to Russia. They exploded this in the heart of the city which has to all intents and purposes been destroyed. *Truth* estimated that it was a comparatively small bomb of perhaps one hundred kilotons. The only fortunate part of this appalling disaster is that it was a clean bomb and has caused very little pollution to the atmosphere. My interrogator examined me closely while I was reading this report. When I had finished it I broke down completely and sobbed. He was most consoling and let me go straight back to my cell.

I have attempted to console myself by remembering the good years. When Kennedy was President, Anne and I lived in a very beautiful house near Mount Vernon. We entertained a good deal. I never actually met President Kennedy, but by reason of my now comparatively senior position with the State Department and because of my close contact with the CIA I knew many men who were close to him. I suppose that the high point of the Kennedy Administration was the Cuban missile crisis. On the most critical evening, we gave a dinner party at which several junior members of the government as well as some of my colleagues were present. The conversation in our beautiful oval dining-room, with the candles on the table in their lovely eighteenth-century silver candlesticks and the dark portraits on the walls, was naturally all about Cuba. To my relief I learned that the U.S. Government

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had no intention of repeating the Bay of Pigs fiasco when and if the Russians withdrew their missiles. I thought then that Khrushchev with his Cuban bluff had grossly overreached himself and I assumed that according to all the normal practices of foreign policy the U.S. would exploit his blunder in order to expel the only Communist government in the Western Hemisphere. I was delighted to discover, during the course of this excellent dinner, that the Government had no such intention. Later that evening, after the guests had departed, I remember that Anne and I listened to Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 3 and I told her that this was the happiest evening of my life.

February 21

It was the young interrogator again last night, the one who says we killed his father. I was kept waiting for nearly two hours in his anteroom and the moment I walked into his office he shouted at me that there was a paper I must sign immediately. He said I need not bother to read it through, but I begged his permission that I be allowed to do so and this he grudgingly gave me. It amounted to a confession that I myself had joined the Ku Klux Klan in 1963 and had from that date until my deportation been involved in a conspiracy to destroy the great cities of America in the event of the Soviets' liberating the American workers from their capitalist exploiters. I realized that there was no purpose in refusing to sign this document since I knew from my experience here, and particularly in the other place, that even if I refused to sign it now I would do so in the end. The young interrogator seemed in a somewhat agitated mood.

February 22

It was the older interrogator last night. To my surprise he got to his feet when I entered his office and asked me, in quite courteous terms, to sit down. He then told me, quietly, that he had very bad news for me. The rioting students at Berkeley, together with former members of the John Birch Society, had detonated an atomic device which had destroyed a very large part of the city of Los Angeles. He said the casualties were estimated at between one million and one and a half million, for this atomic device was very much more powerful than that which had destroyed Pittsburgh. I sat there motionless, for I had half expected this. He watched for any reaction on my part and when there was none he further informed me that there had been similar explosions during the last twenty-four hours in Cincinnati, Boston and New Orleans. He said that the American authorities were beginning to fear that this was only the prelude to a massive suicidal gesture on the part of those American reactionary forces which had escaped the dragnet of the security authorities. I still said nothing.

We sat in silence for some time. I felt the emanation of an emotion which in other conditions and happier days I should have described as pity. He then told me he had further bad news for me. He had received instructions from his superiors that I had only two days left in which to finish the writing of my confession. I was returned to my cell. How can I hope to write all the events in the years that have passed since 1967, events so fantastically complicated and vast, in two days?

I suppose, in retrospect, that the beginning of the end was the three-day Russo-Chinese war, the bombing by the Russians of Shanghai, Peking and Canton and the fall of the Mao Tse-tung regime. The immediate reaction in America to these events, which are said to have cost the lives of some 35 million Chinese, was one of relief at what was then to be the elimination of Red China in the world power equation. However, in order to safeguard American interests in Southeast Asia, further reinforcements of American troops were sent to Vietnam. Liberal voices in the United States proclaimed, from every pulpit available to them, that the cold war was over at last. The Defense Budget was cut by some 35 per cent. The draft was abolished. This meant that so far as Army and Marine combat units were concerned, almost all America's fighting strength, some three-quarters of a million men, was now committed to Vietnam.

The Russians proceeded to set up a puppet government in China. Before the year was out, this puppet government, claiming to be completely independent of Moscow, sent an ultimatum to Washington demanding the immediate withdrawal of all American forces from the Asian mainland. Three weeks later, the Chinese atom-bombed every port along the Indo-Chinese coast. Though the Americans fought with great valor, within six months the Chinese had overrun the whole peninsula and had taken some 400,000 Americans prisoner.

The people of the United States were stunned by this disaster, up to then unparalleled in their history. It was now that Moscow offered to mediate, end the war, and secure the release of the American prisoners. This offer was accepted by the American Government and the Conference of London was called. The Chinese demands were extremely harsh. They insisted that the Americans be deprived of all nuclear weapons, and that this disarmament be supervised by the Russian Control Commission.

I have had to break off the writing of this confession for two hours. I was suddenly taken to the Camp Hospital and subjected to a rigorous physical examination. The Russian doctor told me that I am in good health and that there is no reason why I should not live another twenty years. What is the purpose of saying this to a man who is to be executed tomorrow?

To return to my narrative. At the London Conference the Chinese also informed the Americans that until their terms were accepted the American prisoners in their hands would be executed at the rate of one thousand a day. What has been called the Agonizing Debate now began in America. It was ended by the Great New York Riots, the assassination of the President, and the installation of a government prepared unconditionally to accept Chinese demands. A Russian force estimated at some five divisions began to arrive almost immediately at both Atlantic and Pacific ports. The rest of the story, the mass arrests and deportations, is too well known for me to repeat here. To the best of my knowledge, no American soldier ever returned from Chinese captivity.

February 23

I suppose there is no need really for me to write this confession today,



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but I have always been a methodical man, and after my many years in government service, I hate to leave any memorandum uncompleted. Last night it was the young interrogator. He took me straight away to a small cinema where I was shown a one-reel film. This was of an aged man, lying naked on what appeared to be an operating table, and attempting and failing to masturbate. The extraordinary thing was that this man was unmistakably myself. I certainly have no recollection of such a film being made. I examined it closely to see if I could detect any trick of *montage* by which my head had been superimposed upon another man's body, but I could not. It was either very expertly forged, or else it must have been taken during the period when I was under drugs in the other place. If so, it must have been early on, for the close-up of the hands playing with the limp penis showed that the fingernails had not then been torn out, nor presumably the testicles crushed. The young interrogator told me that this film would be shown in every cinema that still existed in the United States. In his office, two armed guards were waiting who immediately led me away. I thought that my last hour had now come. I was led along a corridor, down a flight of stairs and into another office where, behind a long table, there were seated three men. In the center was the KGB general who I had thought might be an Englishman. He was now wearing a very well-cut London suit, a red carnation in his buttonhole and an Old Etonian tie. On his right there was seated a Russian general and on his left, a Chinese official, also of senior rank.

The Englishman, if he was an Englishman, looked at me and then glanced at some papers before speaking. His words, so far as I can recall them, ran as follows:

"It is my intention, according to the instructions I have received, to explain to you, very briefly, what is present Soviet policy with regard to the United States. As you are aware, we have been systematically destroying the cities of the United States. I believe seventeen have so far gone and the schedule calls for a further thirteen. I shall explain to you why this is being done. It was considered at one time possible that when America had capitulated it could be reduced to the status of a second- or third-rate power simply by the destruction of its technical equipment and perhaps of its natural resources, such as oil. However, if the Germans after 1946 were able within ten years to work their Economic Miracle, how much more quickly the far more efficient American people could have revived even though their country had been totally looted. It was therefore decided that once America had capitulated it must be pastoralized, as was sensibly proposed by an American named Morgenthau in the case of Germany at the end of the Second World War. The farming population will be allowed, and indeed encouraged, to continue to produce. We need the wheat from the Middle West. But the cities must go, and the whole population be reduced to not more than fifty million.

"Now you wonder why I am telling you all this. The answer is that it directly concerns yourself. We discovered, first in Eastern Europe, and then in China, how very difficult it is for the nationals of one country to administer another. Quite frankly we were not happy before the demolitions about the behavior and efficiency either of the Russian Control Commission or of the somewhat inferior type of Communist bred in the United States of America. We are anxious, once the demolitions are over and the population reduced to the optimum size, to see an efficient, food-growing United States created as quickly as possible. We have concluded that this can only be done by an essentially American administration with, of course, advisers appointed by ourselves. It has therefore been decided to re-create in the very near future the whole structure of government which existed before the capitulation, and I have the pleasure to inform you you will be elected the first President of the Soviet United States. G. will be your Secretary of State. You fly to Washington tonight. Now I should like to offer my congratulations."

He got to his feet, leaned across the table, and shook me warmly by the hand.

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And here we have a short quiz to test your knowledge of Communism and the Russian Revolution, and their combined effects on today's world. Answers next issue.

# LEST YOU FORGET . . .

Compiled by Arlene Croce and C. H. Simonds

## I. When Was It?

*Arrange these events in correct chronological order (extra points if you know the exact year):*

1. USSR created.
2. Trans-Siberian Railway begun.
3. Revolutionaries under Razin promise to liberate peasants; seize Astrakhan.
4. Communist regime set up in Hungary.
5. Stalin becomes Premier.
6. Serfs liberated.
7. Bolshevik Party founded.
8. Cossacks under Pugachev revolt against the regime.
9. United States recognizes USSR.
10. Czar assassinated.
11. Decembrist uprising.
12. The "Long March" begins.
13. Government troops fire on peaceful demonstrators, setting off a revolution in Russia.
14. Trotsky banished from the Soviet Union.
15. American troops land in Siberia.
16. *Communist Manifesto* published.
17. Government troops fire on rebellious sailors at Kronstadt.
18. Nicholas II abdicates.
19. Bolshevik Revolution.
20. Rasputin assassinated.

## II. Odd One Out

*From each group of people, places or things, eliminate the* one *that* doesn't *fit:*

1. Scarlet Women (domestic branch): Mother Bloor, Bettina A. Kurzweil, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Mary Worth.
2. Scarlet Women (European branch): Krupskaya, Dolores Ibarruri, Anastasia, Rosa Luxemburg.
3. Scarlet Women (Asian branch): Anna Louise Strong, Freda Utley, Nym Wales, Agnes Smedley.
4. Great Land-Grabs: Lithuania, Bessarabia, Hungary, Estonia.
5. Cities of the Plain: Moscow, Volgograd, Tsaritsyn, Stalingrad.
6. Apologists for Agrarian Reform: Mark Gayn, Alfred Kohlberg, Wilfred Burchett, Owen Lattimore.
7. Purge, Anyone? Everyone! N. I. Bukharin, Karl Radek, Klimenti Voroshilov, L. B. Kamenev.
8. Alphabet Soup: OGPU, NKVD, MGB, NEP.
9. Documentary Embarrassments: Zimmermann Telegram, Zinoviev Letter, Pumpkin Papers, Penkovskiy Memoirs.
10. The Name Game: Ulyanov, Bronstein, Mikoyan, Broz, Dzugashvili.
11. Generally Speaking: Tukhachevsky, Kolchak, Wrangel, Denikin.
12. Birds of Passage: Rudolf Nureyev, Serge Koussevitsky, Vladimir Ashkenazy. Serge Rachmaninoff.

## III. Mix and Match

*Each of the people, places, dates or things in the first column has a mate in the second column. Connect them:*

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Von Ribbentrop | A. Jacques Mornard |
| 2. Odessa | B. Maxim Gorky |
| 3. Hungarian Uprising | C. Babi Yar |
| 4. Opiate of the People | D. Bolsheviks |
| 5. Trotsky | E. October 4 |
| 6. *Potemkin* | F. Eisenstein |
| 7. Katyn Forest | G. Molotov |
| 8. October Revolution | H. Ludwig Feuerbach |
| 9. Kulak | I. November 7 |
| 10. Socialist Realism | J. Kronstadt |
| 11. Yenan Caves | K. Karl Marx |
| 12. Mensheviks | L. Kolkhoz |
| 13. Sputnik I | M. Sierra Maestra |
| 14. The British Museum | N. October 23 |
| 15. St. Basil | O. Museum of Atheism |

## IV. Truth is Stranger

*Decide whether each statement is* true *or* false:

1. The word "soviet" is a Bolshevik invention, the acronym of "Socialist Workers Party." T F
2. The celebrated Finland Station is in Helsinki. T F
3. Since the end of World War II, Communism



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has acquired sway over 500,000,000 people. T F
4. Josef Stalin was the editor of *Pravda.* T F
5. Freedom of religion is guaranteed by the Soviet constitution. T F
6. George Orwell, in *1984,* patterned the Ministry of Truth after the Soviet propaganda machine. T F
7. When the Bolsheviks took Petrograd, Kerensky escaped in a car flying the American flag. T F
8. The Communist soldiers who stood guard as the Berlin Wall was begun carried unloaded rifles. T F
9. The Soviet economy is guided (theoretically at least) by the principle, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." T F
10. Alger Hiss once served time in prison for espionage. T F

### V. Who Said It?

1. "I come from the revolution!"
2. "I have seen the future, and it works."
3. "Karl Marx is a *mahatma.*"
4. "Let a hundred flowers bloom—let a hundred schools of thought contend!"
5. "History hit us like a freight train."
6. "Economist! Oh, I thought you said Communist."
7. "Even before the seizure of power, the workers will organize the Red Guard. Later on this loosely constructed body becomes developed into a firmly-knit, well-disciplined Red Army."
8. "Our ship is sinking. Light is failing. The shadows grow darker every hour . . ."
9. "Stalin is our banner! Stalin is our will! Stalin is our victory!"
10. "A specter is haunting Europe . . ."
11. "It is more interesting to make a revolution than to write about one."
12. "Dammit, Andrei [Vishinsky], you fellows can't have *everything!*"
13. "Love is Hate; War is Peace; Freedom is Slavery!"
14. "The Third World War began in April 1944 . . ."
15. "Property is theft."

### Win a Prize!

To the reader who submits the highest-scoring answer to this quiz (postmarked before Nov. 7), *NR* will send a copy of Eugene Lyons' new book *Workers' Paradise Lost.* Judges' decision must be final; in the event of a tie, the answer with the earliest postmark will win. Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW, National Weekly, Inc., Wilson H. Lee Co. and Domonel Press, and their immediate families, are not eligible to participate. Address entries to Quiz Editor.

# *Rush to Philippi*

VICTOR GOLD

MMXI *anni passiverunt,* give or take an equinox, since that portentous March Ides when Gaius Julius Caesar departed the Roman political arena, victim of an alleged liberal senatorial conspiracy. *Tempus,* as the great man might say were he alive, *fugit;* yet the dogs of doubt, let slip, will not be curbed.

Indeed, *Caesar Lives!* was the lyrical dissent of one Aeduan scholar-troubadour come to market some two centuries after the Ides. And, to the tune of brisk continental sales, proof positive was tendered, in faultless soprano, that the erstwhile master of the Roman world was even then alive, and well, on the Gallic Riviera.

Thus it was to bury, not reappraise such vulgar village rumor that the Shakespeare Commission was appointed in 1623 A.D., during the reign of Elizabeth I. The Commission's findings: that G. J. Caesar, white male; Height/ approx. 5 ft. 10 in.; Weight/ 155; Age/ 58; Eyes/ Jet; Hair/ Balding, with garland; Occupation/ Soldier-statesman, did in fact fall, 15 March 44 B.C., "his mantle muffling up his face," before the orchestrated bladework of Casca, Cassius, Cinna, Decius, Ligarius, Metellus Cimber, Trebonius and last but certainly not least, Brutus.

But now comes Marcus Lanius, who in a previous volume I denounced "the authorized Estab version of the assassination," as "a crude togawash to cover up the Far Right's historic guilt," to flesh out his own theory of the case, *videlicet:* "There was no plot, no conspiracy—only one man, one dagger." And to support his unorthodox surmise, the author of this impressively researched volume has drawn from the official Commission Report no fewer than 57 major and 432 minor "discrepancies, anomalies, inconsistencies, contradictions and weird omens, granting even a vintage *annum* for augury"; along with not one, but a set of inductive criteria: I) *cui bono?* and II) *quis survivat?*

The correct answer on both counts being no less *dramatis persona* than Gaius Julius' nephew Octavius, the redoubtable Lanius is quick to recognize the need for evidence of more empirical verity, *exempli gratia,* the following hitherto unplumbed colloquy between Anthony and an unidentified Octavian servant:

**Reflections on the Report of the Shakespeare Commission, by Marcus Lanius. Revision Press. 12,685 pp. 75 denarii.**



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*Ant.: Is thy master coming?*

*Serv.: He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.* [II]

(Emphasis supplied)

Terming this reply "Freudian and evasive," Lanius proceeds to indict the Commission for "gross negligence" in "accepting *prima facie* the incredible *alibi* which placed Caesar's sole heir 'within seven leagues of Rome' at this point in the unfolding tragedy, yet, *mirabile dictu* in a pre-internal combustion age 'already come to Rome' and in fact 'at Caesar's home' one quick scene change later."

What offends the author at this stage, however, is not simply Octavius' "boorish insensitivity in apparently moving in and taking over Gaius Julius' accommodations before the echo of the orations had wafted across the Tiber." It is the improbability that such a seven league journey was ever made, since, by applying the "accepted estimate" of a league as between 2.4 and 4.6 miles, Lanius makes a presumptive case that "winged Apollo himself, whether or not we choose to accept the Chamber of Commerce bromide that all roads of the day led to Rome, could not have traversed this distance in that brief time."

*Ergo,* all doubts considered, Lanius finds it "beyond any reasonable shadow of a proof" that Octavius (alias Caesar Octavianus *alias* Augustus) not only was on the Capitol scene at the precise moment of the assassination but indeed "lurked, *vi et armis,* behind Pompey's statue."

And, pursuing this theory, it was because they either bore witness to Octavius' "bloody hand" or possessed other information which might have led to his apprehension, trial and conviction, that Brutus was eliminated, protesting his innocence to the end ("Caesar, now be still—I killed not thee. . . ."[III] *et Cassius,* [IV] in Lanius' opinion "the hapless victim of one of antiquity's most vile right-wing smears"; *et* Cicero;[V] *et* "by strange manner" yet, Portia.[VI]

Also, "an hundred senators,"[VII] not to mention the flight, presumably to evade legal process, of Pindarus, "Far from this country . . . . Where never Roman shall take note of him. . . ."[VIII]

Add, Antony, *Falling* (?) *on his sword* [IX] (? supplied), along with the other member of Octavius' triumviral tong, Lepidus, "troubled . . . . with the green sickness."[X]

Enough, for certain, to prove something rotten, or at least suspicious, south of Denmark. Yet, of all the strange and violent deaths, disappearances and purported accidents in the hours and days following Gaius Julius' demise, none so raises the hackles of Lanius' skepticism as "the incredible tale of two Cinnas," the baldface narration of which, asserts the author, "must tax the intellectual and moral stamina of the most banal apologist for the official Commission version."

From the Report:

*Cin.: Truly, my name is Cinna.*

*1st Cit: Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.*

*Cin.: I am Cinna the poet, I am the poet.*

*2nd Cit.: Tear him to pieces for his bad verses. . . .*[XI]

To be sure, even the casual reader at this point must concede Lanius' point that there is more here than meets the Roman eagle eye. "Two Cinnas?" Lanius scoffs. "And the second 'coincidentally' torn to pieces in the scene immediately following announcement of Octavius' 'arrival' in the city? Come off your pedestals, friends, Romans, countrymen: far more likely that this homicide was personally ordered by Octavius, who had reason to fear that the victim, as a personal friend of the dead Caesar, either knew or was on the verge of uncovering something bearing on the assassination—something which, made public, would have stood the Roman power structure on its patrician ear."

Nor is that all. Further clouding the Commission's official conspiracy theory is "the nagging, unanswered question of the actual number of wounds allegedly inflicted on Gaius Julius," *comparare,* "three-and-thirty" according to Knight's Pictorial Edition, "three-and-twenty" in the variorum reading and "two-and-thirty" by the authority of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Nor, to add insult to injury, is *that* all. For there remains, finally, the shabby matter of what Lanius rightly condemns as "guilt by prophecy," *id est,* "the hearsay indictment of seven of Rome's most esteemed progressives, simply on the basis of the psychopathic testimony of an exhibitionist soothsayer, whom Gaius Julius himself scorned as 'a dreamer,'[XII] and the star chamber prognostications of the paranoid Artemidorus, an unsandaled extremist with a notorious penchant for seeing conspiracies under every couch in government."

Conceded, that taken at one fell swoop[XIII] all this does indeed have a cacophonous ring of dishonest conviction. And yet, after three centuries' docile acceptance of the Commission view that, indeed, nothing funny happened on Caesar's way to the forum floor, the Authority-oriented reader must certainly ask why a commission of freeborn Englishmen, bearing the name of a foremost figure of the Elizabethan Age, would propagate a distorted version of the historic events which took place 15 March 44 B.C.

A question, responds Lanius in his case summary, "which itself casts the darkest, most sinister cloud of all over the official conpiracy theory. For, if we are asked to accept the findings of the so-called Shakespeare Commission on the basis of its Chairmanship *per se,* we come straight upon the nagging, unanswered matter of what really occurred in the tavern of Dame Eleanor Bull, May 30, 1593, when Christopher Marlowe, summoned to appear before the Privy Council . . . ."

But that, dear friends, Romans, countrymen, as the purported Chairman might say were he alive, is a new and different string to harp on,[XIV] regarding which lyrical dissent, in any event or revision thereof, be sure to watch this space next week for yet another important historical announcement.[XV]

---

I *Who Killed Caesar? Plutarch/Suetonius Discredited!* Seven Hills Press. 9,139 pp. 50 drachmas.

II Commission Report, Act III, Scene I.

III Op. cit., Act V, Scene V.

IV Op. cit., Act IV, Scene III.

V Op. cit., Act V, Scene III.

VI Op. cit., Act VI, Scene III.

VII Ibid.

VIII Ibid.

IX Supplementary Egyptian Report, Act IV, Scene XIII.

X Op. cit., Act III, Scene II.

XI Op. cit., Act III, Scene III.

XII Op. cit., Act I, Scene II.

XIII *Rush to Dunsinane,* Act IV, Scene III.

XIV *Rush to Bosworth,* Act IV, Scene IV.

XV *Rush to Stratford: Reflections on the Marlowe Inquest.* By Victor Gold. Folio Press. 14,625 pp. 7lb3oz.



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*Republican Bug-Out*

# PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

## Frank S. Meyer

AMERICAN political parties are not paradigms of ideological purity—nor, in our system, ought they be. But despite the large measure of compromise and consensus by which they function, they have usually taken a broadly principled position on major national issues. When they have persistently refused to do so (as with the Whigs during the years of their decline), they have forfeited their place in the politics of the nation. And rightly so, since the refusal to take a firm position on a difficult but vital national issue is a repudiation of a political party's responsibility to the Republic. Unbridled opportunism can sometimes lead to temporary electoral victory, but the illusion of strength that follows such a victory is like the fever fit that precedes collapse.

*Meyer*

FOR MANY YEARS, beginning in 1940, the Republican Party at the Presidential level courted such a disaster by its policy of "me-tooism." Only the continuing principled opposition of congressional Republicans to the policies of liberal Democratic Presidents maintained the integrity and life of the party. Under Eisenhower, with a liberal *Republican* Administration, even the principled position of congressional Republicanism began to erode beneath the pressures of a liberal Presidency of its own party. Only the conservative renaissance culminating in the nomination of Barry Goldwater saved the party from sinking slowly into spiritless insignificance.

It is an ironic paradox that Eisenhower's victory almost killed the party, while the nomination of Goldwater, although it led to electoral defeat, revived it. Not for many years has the Republican Party in the Congress exhibited the strength and fundamental principled significance that has been displayed in the House elected in 1966.

BUT NOW a new form of opportunism threatens the integrity of the Republican Party, which, if it is not smashed down, could be more dangerous to the party—and to the country—than the "me-tooism" of the Forties and Fifties. This is the despicable proposal to truckle to the Left-liberal and radical ideologues who are kicking up a storm against the Vietnam war, and join with them in confusing the American people on the deadly issues of national interest and civilizational survival our prosecution of that war represents. To advocate a dishonorable peace policy for the Republican Party in the 1968 election means unprincipled trading on the confusion and difficulties arising from the war in order to win an election cold-bloodedly at the cost of national disaster.

The liberal aspirants to the Republican nomination have moved one by one towards this dishonorable course: first Percy and Hatfield, then Romney, and then, it would seem, Rockefeller (who, if the rumors are true, could only be moved by expediency since, however else one may disagree with him, he has shown a basic understanding of the realities of the world struggle). Only the conservative leaders of the party have spoken out unequivocally in support of the war. Reagan, Goldwater, Dirksen, have all made their positions crystal clear. Nixon too has taken a firm line in general, although it would be greatly in the national interest if he, as the front-running candidate, would make major headlines with a statement directed uncompromisingly against any Republican attempt to make political capital out of the war. (Just as Reagan would render inestimable service by repudiating once and for all that other cynical proposal, a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket that would signify only empty nothingness.)

Of course the Vietnam war is unpopular. It is bound to be while the Johnson Administration is as inarticulate and confused as it is in its leadership of the country. The relationship of this war to the continuing struggle against Communism has to be made perfectly clear, because the temperament of the American people is not adapted to the sort of sporadic hot wars that are necessary if we are not to lose the overarching cold war to the Siamese twins of Soviet and Chinese Communism.

THE MORE successfully we prosecute any one of these wars, the less likely it is that we will soon have to face another. But short of the nuclear confrontation on a massive scale that every sane man wishes to avoid, such wars will have to be fought. They will have to be fought so long as the Communists (Soviet and Chinese) continue to sponsor "wars of national liberation" as their primary offensive resource in their drive to dominate the world under the conditions of a balance of nuclear terror. Such wars, with their guerrilla characteristics, are bound to be the same type of undramatic, painful, drawn-out confrontation as the Vietnam war. They are the price we have to pay for national and civilizational survival.

The true weakness of the Johnson Administration lies not in its continuation of the Vietnam war, but in its abysmal failure to comprehend the relationship of this war to the general struggle against Communism. To "build bridges to the East," to minimize the Soviet danger, to swallow credulously the Communist propaganda of "coexistence" can only make wars like the Vietnam war totally inexplicable to the American people.

It is here that the Republican attack on Johnson should be centered: not upon his stubborn prosecution of the war in Vietnam, which reflects his instinctive understanding of the Communist danger, but upon his failures—political, psychological, strategical—as commander-in-chief in the worldwide cold war against Communism. To pander to popular confusion by attacking the waging of the Vietnam war instead, would be, both for the Republican Party and the country, an act of destructive cynicism.



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KENT: *You have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.*
LEAR: *What's that?*
KENT: *Authority.*

FROM CALIFORNIA, a resolute high-school freshman writes to me thus: "During a recent speech class we discussed Father James E. Groppi's activities. To back up my point, I used your column about criminous clerks. My speech professor questioned your qualification as an expert on Father Groppi, and the following day as an expert on anything. . . . I value your opinions and would appreciate a list of your qualifications as an expert."

*Kirk*

Well, the authority and the expert are not the same person, often. The twentieth-century "expert" usually is a specialist, unqualified to judge of matters outside his immediate field. But the *true* authority is one who knows much of the world, the flesh, and the devil —and, more important, of the permanent things; he is able to sit in judgment because he has meditated deeply, talked with wise men, read innumerable good books, and acquired the virtue of prudence in its root sense.

MY CORRESPONDENT, Mr. Tim Warfel, refers to a column of mine about the priest who has been leading the unlawful marches in Milwaukee. (By a Milwaukee judge named Christ T. Seraphim, Father Groppi is pronounced "a very evil man.") I cannot qualify as a Groppi expert, nor do I know of any such: there is no Department of Groppi Studies, though perhaps one will be created by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, with Mr. Dick Gregory as Groppi Professor. Conceivably Father Groppi's mother is a Groppi expert, or even a Groppi authority. His bishop doesn't seem to be either.

"Who's your authority?" is an ancient ploy of quarter-educated dominies, prompt to put down any student who has a mind of his own. Twentieth-century schoolmasters of this stamp are a particularly silly breed: some of them, proud of having obtained a pass degree in education from South Potawattomie State Teachers College, have not read one important book in all their days. For them, there exists but one authority: the dominie's ego. Dialogues with such petty tyrants of the classroom go much as follows:

Dominie: "The inheritance tax ought to be raised to 100 per cent, to get rid of poverty. Does everybody agree?"

Student: "We're not supposed to covet our neighbor's goods, sir."

Dominie: "Who's your authority for that?"

Student: "Moses, sir."

Dominie: "Oh. Well, anyway, who ever made Moses an authority?"

Student: "God, sir."

Dominie: "Oh. Well who ever made God an authority? Does He have a degree in education?"

THE SCRIBES always detest the Authority. So it was with the supreme Authority, according to St. Matthew: "For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." It is very awkward to have alleged authorities brought into the classroom, for that treasonously defies the omniscience of the dominie from South Potawattomie State Teachers. That sort of dominie is sedulous to deny that his colleague-teachers have any sort of authority, either.

Yet it is well that teachers should compel their students to call into question alleged authorities; I certainy wouldn't wish students to accept unquestioningly the daily libels of certain of my columnar colleagues. "Chewing the newspapers," as D. H. Lawrence put it, does not make a full man. And it is necessary always to try the spirits, whether they be of God; for many false prophets are gone forth into the world.

So, friends in high school and out of it, I do assure you that genuine authorities exist. By their words and their manner you may know them. Many of them have been dead for a great while. Of all the people I have known, two in particular taught as one having authority: T. S. Eliot and Max Picard. Like most true authorities these were gentle, kindly, quiet men not in the least opinionated. They had meditated much, and they were men of vision, seers—like Homer, "the blind man who sees." I knew that on any general and enduring matter, whatever they might tell me would be true; although even the good man of genius may be mistaken or ill-informed on ephemeral particulars.

BUT ONE DOESN'T usually require an authority in the flesh, not since Gutenberg. Nor is authority the policeman's nightstick. "Conscience is an authority," Newman (a high authority on authority) writes in his essay on John Keble; "the Bible is an authority; such is the Church; such are the words of the wise; such are historical memories; such are legal saws and state maxims; such are proverbs; such are sentiments, presages, and prepossessions." If a man acknowledges no authority, he sets himself up as Cain, and before long he is struck down by nemesis—aye, even a dominie, or a priest.

As for Father Groppi, it requires no profound authority to discern that he is a deliberate lawbreaker, intoxicated with a mob-following which rejoices in literal hymns of hate. Perhaps his intentions are good. Hell is paved with such. The only authorities which one need consult here are the statutes of Wisconsin and the ordinances of Milwaukee. Judges, too, are constituted authorities; and as a flying buttress of justice, I say amen to the *obiter dicta* of Judge Christ T. Seraphim.

# FROM THE ACADEMY

## *Try the Spirits*

**RUSSELL KIRK**



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# *Summer's Lease*

ALEC WAUGH

At the Tangier Yacht Club, on Friday which is the Moslem Sunday, they always serve a cous-cous. On the first Thursday in September, as I was leaving the club in the afternoon, I said to the steward, "I'll be down to lunch tomorrow for the cous-cous?" The steward shook his head. "No, not tomorrow, sir. It's not worth the chef's while any longer, not enough people here." Ah, I thought, the first sign of fading summer. It gave me an odd quiver. There is a curious fascination about watching the summer die. Winter is still a long way off. "The season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" has its special charm, a bitter-sweet distillation of short-lived delights, and summer dies in so many different ways in different places. It was, indeed, to see how it dies in Tangier that I was staying on there into October.

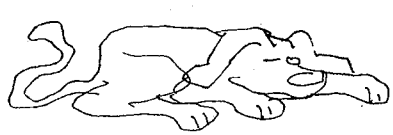
I had been reading Graham Greene's new book of stories, *May We Borrow Your Husband?* Its first pages contain a wistful description of Antibes in the autumn catching only the morning sun; you can breakfast upon your terrace, but you had better lunch indoors or the shadow will cut across your table before you have reached your coffee.

That is something that I had never realized about Antibes; though I had known about it well enough in Villefranche. How often in spring and autumn had I not moved my table nearer and nearer to the water's edge? It is the kind of thing that you only know if you live in one place steadily for several weeks. I had been coming to Tangier regularly for seven or eight weeks a year for the last twelve years; I know it better than I know my pocket, but previously I had always left in mid-September; now I would linger to the end.

That evening I looked over Tangier; I stay always in the same hotel —the Velasquez Palace. I always have the same fifth-floor suite. It has a curved window facing three ways, from which I can see the old town, the harbor and the new town. The sun was shining, the sky was blue, the water waveless; I could see Gibraltar clearly across the straits. It all looked, it all felt exactly as it had five weeks earlier when I arrived; but the warning gong had sounded. In my boyhood, when corn was still cut by hand, I had watched the farmers approach inexorably the center of the field. Occasionally a rabbit would dash into the open, but a group of boys was waiting for it with sticks and stones. Rarely did one escape. I drew a parallel between Tangier and the rabbits. It was secure now in the sunshine, but the scythes were drawing nearer. No cous-cous at the Yacht Club!

There were to be several other signals in the next few days. On Sunday the congregation at church was considerably smaller. The familiar residents were there, but there were fewer tourists. In the middle of the week, I rang up a friend, a bachelor, to ask if he could dine with me. "I'd love to," he said, "but . . ." He paused. I knew what that "but" meant. He had house guests, and house guests are one of the problems of the Tangier season. Everyone with a villa has them, and their hosts cannot come to parties unless they bring them, too; your table is only capable of seating ten. In consequence there can be few of the lunch and dinner parties that are so attractive a feature of the winter season. Instead the hospitably-inclined are forced to give constant cocktail parties, which are crowded inevitably with strangers. Thirty are invited and ninety come. "I'm very sorry," I told my friend. "But this is a stag party." One of his guests, I knew, was a female cousin. "I'm sorry, too," he said.

## Delectations



Quarter of an hour later, he rang back. "Is that date still open?" he asked. Of course it was, I told him. "Then I'll change my mind if I may. They're a young couple. They'll be all right on their own, for once."

Another warning signal; hosts were beginning to weary of their responsibilities. Further signals multiplied. It was, for instance, no longer necessary to leave a towel on your deck chair at the beach club when you moved over to your lunch table. There would be a chair vacant when you were through.

Yet oddly enough not one of those warning signals was climatic. There was no change in temperature. I remembered how in Baghdad, the tables night after night would be set out for dinner on the terrace; then without warning there would come the first splash of rain. The tables would be hurried in—never to be set out again. At Villefranche, under the railway embankment, there is a café with bathing huts, the Marinières, which stays open till the first wet day. The next morning it is shut.

I had expected that there would be some equivalent for that in Tangier. The wind will change, I had assumed. The *Levante,* that persistent wind blowing from the East that is such an irritant in winter, but is in fact responsible for the good health of the community since it blows the germs away, the *Levante* would surely drop, and a cold wind would blow from the Atlantic. But no, the *Levante* continued to breathe gently across the sands.

The water had never been warmer than it was on my last day there, the thirtieth of September. After my swim, I walked along the Promenade. Most of the clubs were shuttered. The remainder would be on Monday. There were only a few deck chairs on the sand. The season was over. Summer's lease was not expended yet. It had two more weeks to run. But the fiat had gone forth from the directors of packaged tours, in whose hands the fortunes of resorts reside, that Mediterranean beach life ends on October 1. Are there many other protected coves along the fate-favored coast? Surely there must be several hidden away. What a fine, final packaged tour they would provide. And what a slogan for them: October Oubliettes.



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# Bug-Happy Big Brother

FERDINAND MOUNT

History being littered with the bodies of good men who did nothing, it is cheering to see one vital resistance movement getting under way while there may yet be time. 'Tis of the struggle to be let alone that Professor Westin sings, and he makes an enthralling, sensible and superbly documented Aeneid out of it. Vance Packard, *NR*, Sen. Edward Long and the *New York Times* are among the heterogeneous heroes of this *maquis*. The villains are prying psychologists and sociologists, bug-happy and polygraphomaniac policemen, big-brotherly company personnel departments, and of course the dear old Federal Government. It is thirty years since James Thurber annihilated the fatuous and indecent enquiries of psychologists in *Let Your Mind Alone*. Bourbon-like, the intruders have learnt nothing and forgotten only common sense.

The value of Professor Westin's compendium is that while some have detailed the horrifying feats of "surveillance technology" (for which read "bugging"—not the least of casualties in this war is the English language) and others such as Huxley and Orwell have imbued its dangers with their prophetic imaginations, no readable survey of the gains and losses and no practical program for the survival of privacy has previously been available. Westin begins with a somewhat skimpy summary of the historical and philosophic background of modern claims to privacy. His dippings into Margaret Mead, Robert Ardrey, et al. are confused. But some historical perspective is essential if the love of privacy is not to be misunderstood as confined to a few rustic Luddites. Solitude, reticence, anonymity—properly identified by Westin as rays in the privacy spectrum—have in all societies and at all times, though under different guises, been man's treasured possessions, the lack of which has bred individual unhappiness and collective unrest. The battle for privacy is then far from a phony war, and so far we have been losing it. Westin says: "The balance of power in the struggle over group privacy in the electronic age has shifted unmistakably in favor of those conducting physical surveillance."

***Privacy and Freedom*, by Alan F. Westin. Atheneum, $10.00.**

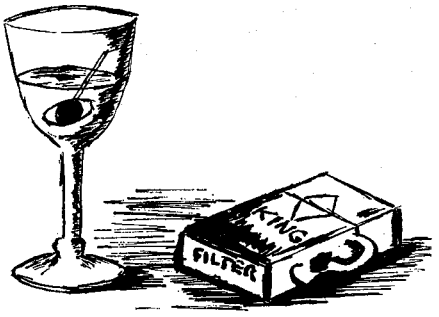
THE DEVIL of course appears to have all the best weapons—shotgun microphones, bugs in martini olives, tape recorders the size of cigarettes, laser mikes, infra-red cameras and the rest of the hideous battery of intrusion. By contrast, counter-bugging is ineffective. Most scramblers can be unscrambled by the ungodly. The old diplomatic trick of talking in a running shower is passé. The "white sound" of the water can now be filtered out electronically to leave only the speech. But the devil's most potent bugs as always are planted in the human heart. The public is fascinated by the new devices. Bug merchants report that each new exposure of their activities boosts sales. When Continental Telephone Supply opened up in Miami, the public was lured by the shameless announcement: "Big Brother is going to have his own department store . . ."

But curiosity is not restricted to the mechanical means of intrusion. People want to get the lowdown, they want to know what the other guy is up to, in the oft justified hope that it will prove discreditable. If Peeping Tom was arrested today, newspaper readers would expect to be told not only what type of camera and film he was using and what aperture he gave the shot, but also just how much he saw of Lady Godiva and what he thought of her (please enclose blood-pressure count with your answer). In psychological questionnaires and polygraph tests, a vein of prurience runs rich and filthy. Sample true-or-false propositions from the widely used Minnesota Multiphasic Test:

*I believe there is a God.*
*Once in a while I laugh at a dirty joke.*
*There is something wrong with my sex organs.*

Professor Westin seems to me overimpressed by the benefits so far conferred by the "informational revolution." The credit card, for example, is not much of an advance on the medieval letter of credit. Computers which dispatch million-dollar phone bills to people who have no phones clearly have something to learn. And the quality of policy arguments, such as those now raging on the strategy of the Vietnam war and the need for a tax increase, has not been noticeably deepened by the increased flow of information.

BUT ON PSYCHOLOGICAL and polygraph testing by industry, police and government, Westin's case is unanswerable and damning. Organizations which use such tests find their staff no more honest or diligent than those which do not. The lie-detector is at best unreliable and, in the hands




of incompetent or prurient operators, can wreak great injustice. Making grown men—or come to that, children, in the interests of some zany educational theory—interpret ink blots would be a frivolous waste of



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time if the results did not affect so many careers.

Professor Westin's remedies for such lunacy are simple and spelled out in admirable detail. Private bugging should be subject to stiff penalties and official bugging should be restricted to cases involving national security and serious crime—and then only on the authority of a court order. Psychological and polygraph testing should be restricted by professional and inter-organizational agreement and, in the case of the Federal Government, by law (experience has already shown that mere Presidential memos will not stay the intrusive itch). And the release of the voluminous accretion of official data on our private lives should be carefully controlled.

Such action is not easy to enforce. For while Congress, the press and public opinion will usually support such steps, the Executive always resists strongly on the grounds that these intrusions are essential for good government and the maintenance of law and order. If this were so, it would pose a considerable dilemma. But Professor Westin gives us enough evidence to show that the vast majority of official intrusions are not so justified and that it is possible to identify, usually by statute, those cases where the invasion of privacy is unavoidable. In fact, the official defense of bugging is simply another example of authority's perennial reluctance to disgorge any powers it has arrogated, particularly when those powers can provide such juicy entertainment. In the case of the police, the limitation of surveillance powers is especially important. The necessarily distasteful methods of criminal investigation already put great, and for the most part heroically resisted, strain on the honor of individual policemen. It is in the interests of police and public alike to keep the temptations of police power and the demoralization of rubbing shoulders with villainy to a minimum.

The next step in the defense of privacy is to throw the burden of proof on the authorities. If the Internal Revenue Service wishes to tap your telephone or break into your home (and they have over a hundred agents thus engaged), they had better have their story ready and it had better be good. There can be no quarter given in this struggle. As I write, the Senate has passed a splendid bill forbidding the Government to question job applicants about sex, religion and personal relations (with necessary but partial exemption for CIA, NSA and FBI). On the debit side, Mrs. Helen Gurley Brown (how felicitously that name conveys the dreary sauciness of its bearer's observations) finds celebrated collaborators who are all too willing to discuss their sex lives with her on television. Certain actions, as William F. Rickenbacker has noted, are immediately open to us—give the wrong social security number, overpay bills by one penny to foul up the computer, refuse to answer all questionnaires or give facetious answers. To such essential resistance work, I would add: arm yourself by reading Professor Westin.

# Literary Historian Awash

PETER P. WITONSKI

At a time when it was still impossible to have a serious discussion about American conservatism without being overwhelmed by a long list of liberal anathemas—notable more for their banality than their accuracy—the distinguished historian Samuel Eliot Morison managed to summon up enough historical perspective to rise above the prevailing prejudice and call for a renewed study of American conservatism. Admiral Morison argued that our understanding of the American experience would be greatly enhanced by a "fresh distillation of our entire history, with the conservative tradition acting as the leaven." While we are still a long way from a "conservative interpretation" of American history (at least a good one), the regeneration of a potent conservative movement has inspired scholars of both the Right and the Left to turn out a vast literature—some of it excellent—on the subject of American conservatism.

**_The Conservative Tradition in America_, by Allen Guttmann. Oxford, $6.00**

Little, however, is added to our understanding of the conservative tradition in America with the publication of Allen Guttmann's imperative-sounding *The Conservative Tradition in America*. This is unfortunate because the author, an Amherst professor and a self-styled socialist ("with a sense of the past"), clearly wanted to write an original and unbiased study of American conservatism. We have long needed a book about conservatism by a man of the Left who was capable of making his point without resorting to some form of ideological obscenity. Mr. Guttmann has not succumbed to the blandishments of his ideological peers; but his book reads like one of those dreary pieces of pedagogy written to satiate the exigencies of the "publish-or-perish" mania. As a result, it leaves much to be desired.

If Guttmann has anything even faintly resembling a thesis, it is that American conservatism has been transformed from a political philosophy into a literary pose. He gives no real defense of this thesis; he simply declares it, *dare pondus fumo*, to be the main subject of his book. The thesis itself may charitably be attributed to Guttmann's ignorance both of the history of political thought and of the contemporary conservative renaissance. He is an "American Studies" specialist, and his book reeks of the kind of cultural parochialism that usually emanates from American Studies programs. Had he only delved more deeply into the writings of such significant contemporary conservatives as Frank Meyer, Willmoore Kendall and Leo Strauss—instead of writing a series of trivial commentaries on a host of lesser writers—he might have come up with a different thesis. Had he devoted more time to a serious examination of such important manifestations of the contemporary conservative revival as the Goldwater candidacy or National Review (both of which he quickly consigns to the world of nineteenth-century liberalism), he might have made a genuine contribution to our understanding of contemporary American policies. Instead he vacillates between



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political and literary history, name-dropping with reckless abandon, and leaves us somewhat bewildered.

WHAT THE BOOK'S PUBLISHER proclaims as a "challenging and revisionist" study is really not very new or original. Essentially Guttmann has accepted a somewhat watered-down version of the thesis propounded by Louis Hartz in *The Liberal Tradition in America* and used it as a convenient *modus operandi* for reading John Adams, John C. Calhoun, Barry Goldwater and William F. Buckley Jr. out of the conservative tradition. They all belong to the tradition of classical liberalism. The authentic political conservatives, men like Increase and Cotton Mather, Fisher Ames and Orestes Brownson, have no real heirs since political conservatism has never had much of an appeal in America. The really great American conservatives, according to Guttmann, are the literary men: Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Henry James, T.S. Eliot and James Gould Cozzens. While it would be absurd to argue that these writers do not constitute a valid conservative literary tradition, it is equally absurd to ignore America's genuine conservative political tradition by robbing it of its most articulate representatives. Guttmann is not a narrow ideologue of the ADL stripe, and one can only ascribe his refusal to accept conservatism as a real political force to what appears to be the helplessness of a literary historian in dealing properly with political history.

Guttmann is at his best when he is dealing with the religious conservatives. "There is an element of traditionalism in Christianity," he notes. "Christians orient themselves by reference to historical actions that are believed to make manifest the will of God as revealed to His chosen people and displayed by the life and death of His only Son. Christian rituals re-enact moments in time which are considered by the believer to be timeless in their significance. . . . The Jewish concept of a patriarchal deity and the Christian concept of piety have political implications which conservative thinkers have frequently emphasized. Conservatives equated obedience to God's commands and obedience to constituted political authority." This is all well and good, but Guttmann then proceeds to argue that this view, as manifested in the writings of Orestes Brownson and T.S. Eliot, is an example of the "estrangement of American conservatism from the predominantly secular and democratic course of the American Republic." Guttmann's ideal American religious leader is a progressive like William Lloyd Garrison. Despite the eccentricities of this chapter, Guttmann gives us a fascinating account of the religious conservatism of Brownson and Eliot, describing the

# Random Notes

● BOOKS: C. S. Lewis' letters to an American lady are being published as *Yours, Jack* (Eerdmans, $3.95). . . . Jacques Maritain's *The Peasant of the Garonne,* extensively discussed in these pages [*NR,* 6/27], will be published in the U.S. by Holt (December, $6.95). . . . Harry Meacham, the Virginia businessman who was instrumental in getting Ezra Pound sprung, tells about the poet's St. Elizabeth's years in *The Caged Panther* (Twayne, $5). . . . *Through the Minefield* offers Constantine Fitz-Gibbon's memoirs, to age 26 (Norton, $5.95). . . . Juicy New Exposé: Kitty Hanson, of the *N.Y. Daily News,* casts a jaundiced eye on the whole bridal business in *For Richer, For Poorer* (Abelard, $5.50).

Conrad Aiken's newest poem, *Thee,* is illustrated by Leonard Baskin (Braziller, $5 or $25 for signed, limited edition). . . . *Wild Kids,* by Frank R. Donovan, makes the somewhat reassuring point that the young have been scaring their elders to death for about 5,000 years (Stackpole, $6.50). . . . Samuel Eliot Morison takes on Commodore Perry in *Old Bruin* (Little-Brown, $12.50). . . . Just in Case: Anthony Greenbank's *The Book of Survival* tells how to live through absolutely any disaster, natural or man-made (Harper, February, $4.95); and there's a new Euell Gibbons—his *Beachcomber's Handbook* (McKay, $5.50).

● UH-OH! The red man, like just about everybody else, hates white bourgeois society, according to Stan Steiner's *The New Indians* (Harper, February, $7.95). . . . Stuart Chase (remember?) looks ahead to the twenty-first century in *The Most Probable World*—a world, lest we forget, free of Stuart Chase (Harper & Row, January, $5.95). . . . Lincoln Barnett is doing a biography of J. Robert Oppenheimer for Atheneum. . . . Poor old Eric Bentley has *The Theater of Commitment,* all about Brecht and Peter Weiss and Brecht and Rolf Hochhuth and Brecht (Atheneum, $5). . . . And here comes George Romney with *The Concerns of a Citizen* (Putnam, $4.95).

● THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ADMAN, DAMMIT ANYWAY: The University of Chicago Press has on its list an innocuous tidbit of sociology, *Black Chicago: The Making of a Negro Ghetto 1890-1920.* It advertised the book with a gruesome picture of a white policeman clubbing Negro women and children. Then the *Daily News'* Virginia Kay blew the whistle: picture, she revealed, is of a South African cop. Said the Press: "In order to avoid casting any possible slur on the contemporary Chicago police force, care was taken to select a photograph that could not in any way be identified with an American police force of the 1960s." Uh-huh.



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numerous similarities in their writings and tracing the influence of Joseph de Maistre on their thought.

THE FEW perceptive comments on Eliot and Brownson are not enough to excuse the lack of original material in this book. While it is essentially

a literary history, the literary criticism is uninspired at best, with few new insights and little in the way of significant information. Henry Adams, Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, the much neglected Ralph Adams Cram, and the Southern Agrarians all receive quickie coverage—but not enough to teach us anything about them. The concluding chapter, on the "present and the future" of conservatism, turns out to be a good excuse for writing a short essay on the novels of James Gould Cozzens. Guttmann vaingloriously endeavors to summarize the accomplishments of conservatism during the past twenty years, and succeeds only in ignoring or glossing over the most significant contemporary conservative intellectuals. Unlike so many non-conservative writers he seems to have a genuine respect for conservative thought (or at least he says he has), but his analysis is so general that he never gets around to saying anything important about his subject. When writing about Frank Meyer (whom he mistakenly declares to be the reincarnation of the late Albert Jay Nock) and Richard Weaver—conservatives he claims to have some respect for—he gives the impression of not *really* having read their books. He can speak knowingly (with great condescension) of modern laissez-faire economics without ever mentioning Milton Friedman or his Chicago school. The deficiencies are legion, and one tires of recounting them.

The reader ends his labor, nonplussed by the monumental irrelevance of Professor Guttmann's book. The only interesting aspect of the whole dull affair concerns Guttmann's own political credo: he is a socialist who has nevertheless managed to write a book about conservatism lacking the invective and demagogy one has come to expect from his political camp. Perhaps we owe this to Guttmann's scholarly neutrality; perhaps we owe it to the growing sophistication of conservative thought? In any event, we are still a long way from Admiral Morison's "conservative interpretation" of American history.

## *Fiction*

# Psychedelic Freakout

CHRISTOPHER NICHOLS

NORMAN MAILER, unexcelled explorer of dark and unknown regions, has again swaggered up to dazzle the benighted natives with his rough magic, only to discover that his pocket lighter refuses to bring forth its mystifying flame. But, being Mailer, he tries to make it with sparks and a fast mouth. Seldom has Bwana Norman's literary Zippo sputtered so furiously or his terrible, swift tongue spit such four-letter logorrhea as in his new novel, *Why Are We in Vietnam?* As everybody interested knows, the book is not about Vietnam *per se,* but about a gruesome grizzly-bear hunt in Alaska, where the well-heeled Texas hunters slaughter (or is overkill a better word?) numerous noble beasts with an absurdly powerful and destructive arsenal. At first, one fears that Mailer, driven like Dwight Macdonald or Susan Sontag to the fringes of artistic integrity by the war, is going to transform his good old hipster hogwash into some kind of allegorical Pugwash. But nimble Norman has a slightly more polyphonic proposition for his *angst*-ridden readers.

Oh, an arrogance of power is clearly there, but it has deep and dark psychological underpinnings, and Mailer locates the poisonous maelstrom of their confluence in Texas; in Dallas, to be exact. The hunters are all from Dallas; the cushy hunt (complete with helicopters) is recalled in an extended "stream of conch" flashback by 18-year-old Ranald Jethroe, who calls himself D.J. (disk jockey to the world) and gargles the current *Zeitgeist* like Cousin Brucie on an acid trip. His father, Rusty, a Dallas "eggzec" with former shadowy CIA affiliations, heads the expedition, which includes two company yes-men, D.J. and D.J.'s half-Indian, half-German body-and-soul brother, Tex Hyde. The Alaskan atmosphere, far from exuding the invigorating prickle of pinewoods and fresh air, is oh so heavy with blood lust, violent relish, and the Mailerian mephitis of scatologia and sodomy. The hunt's symbolic proportions are nearly Wagnerian in scope, but decidedly Freudian in flavor. The phallus-guns, in a frantic denial of impotency, blast and mangle wolf, caribou, mountain sheep and bear, while helicopters play mixmaster to all the noxious exhalations of excrement and blood, as only Mailer can imagine them. The message, to be blunt, is that these rapacious Texans are the American apotheosis. But let that be for the moment.

As Mailer's narrative persona, D.J. sounds and acts like Hemingway's Nick Adams hypoed full of Lenny Bruce, Jean Gênet and Marshall McLuhan, with maybe a snort of Senator Fulbright thrown in. But the hopscotch voice assumes other identities—a snickering, 1960s James Joyce and a turned-on Uncle Remus twitting the honkeys. The book is replete with snide puns ("loose as Henry with a goose"), sniggering word puzzles ("Obungekat Safari Group") and flower-power poetics ("who knows what song the maggot sings"). There is also, of course, the characteristic Mailerian array of ontological odors (moss has "some odor of a dwarf's armpits wiped with velvet") and mighty metaphysics—such as speculations into the collective unconscious of a chromosome (Rusty's is redolent of murder and red-eye gravy, in case you hadn't guessed). To quote more extensively from Mail-

***Why Are We in Vietnam?* by Norman Mailer. Putnam, $4.95**



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er's super-enriched, but unsliced, loaf of prose would have to be a matter of using dots or dashes, Norman's distinguishing Morse code.

Not that he is trying for easy sensation. Heaven forbid, he isn't. All that poly-perverse sexuality and scatological punning does not come easy. Mailer has made a legend of the terrible toll taken personally when he writes a book, as if the act of creation occurred nightly in a shattering explosion of flying viscera and flaming genitals. He writes hard, he always tells us, and about the hardest subjects. In *Vietnam,* there are magnificent passages dealing with animals and the landscape, but they barely filter through the constant curses of the background chatter.

Let me suggest, however, that Mailer isn't interested in writing novels *per se* any more, no matter how publishers package and promote his work. He has, like other artists, fled the fictional pigeon-hole and jumped into the M.E.F. ("Magnetic-Electro Fief," says Mailer), the great stroboscopic, psychedelic, mixed-media freakout. His style now approximates the McLuhan concept of the TV tube's mosaic pattern. Simultaneity, man. Project! Mix it up! One feels bombarded by innumerable Mailerian gobs of synthesized art and life, all scatter-gunned pell-mell at a reader, aiming for a blanket psychological effect rather than the traditional satisfaction of the linear, narrative story-line. The medium is the massage in *Vietnam,* and the masseur pounds his reader with very horny knuckles.

Mailer's message, then, is that America is sick, wounded, striking out everywhere in a blind fury, both blasted beast and homicidal hunter. Maybe. But his atavistic nimrods and anthropomorphic animals simply do not carry the premise with conviction. Nor does his ploy of turning D.J. and Tex into "killer brothers" after they hear the voice of God, who says: "Go out and kill—fulfill my will, go and kill." Those don't sound like the cadences of Biblical speech to me, so which is it? A modern Moloch? The "God" of the State? Never mind, though. The book's more basic weakness, or affront, is the cavalier contention that sadistic, murderous sexually precarious genes are dominant in the national chromosome.

Here, one must brave a bit of dogmatism: this may be Norman Mailer's America, but it ain't America's America. That seems to be Mailer's problem as an author; he can't really project, even with the aid of his Magnetic-Electro Zoomar lens, beyond the confines of his own moral concerns and outrages. He reveals this, I think, in the self-serving conceit of keeping the true source of his narrative voice in question constantly. "Hey you—out there," he writes teasingly, "is this D.J. addressing you a Texas youth for sure or is he a genius of a crippled Spade up in Harlem making all this shit up, better wonder, work your bronze . . ." No need to wonder very long. Maybe he's Spade and D.J. both. But most of all, he's a nice, beleaguered Jewish boy obsessively agonizing up in Brooklyn Heights.

## *Poetry*

# Never a Boast or a See-Here

HUGH KENNER

BRAG, sweet tenor bull . . .

Have those four words ever kept company before? Or any two of them, except perhaps "sweet tenor"? *Brag, sweet tenor bull.* Five vowel sounds, sharply distinct to the ear because sharp consonants cut syllables: substitute something like "Ah, me, ever dull" and hear the clarity dissipate. *Brag, sweet tenor bull.* A study in accentuation; "brag" and "bull" take metrical stresses, the latter less emphatic, and "sweet" a stress enforced by the tongue's need to separate it from "tenor," and the first syllable of "tenor" a mild stress because that's how we say the word.

Let me pause to note only that "Rawthey" is a stream and "may" of course a flower, and please myself by transcribing the rest of the stanza.

*Brag, sweet tenor bull,*
*descant on Rawthey's madrigal,*
*each pebble its part*
*for the fells' late spring.*
*Dance tiptoe, bull,*
*black against may.*
*Ridiculous and lovely*
*chase hurdling shadows*
*morning into noon.*
*May on the bull's hide*
*and through the dale*
*furrows fill with may,*
*paving the slowworm's way.*

The reader who will savor the words will know how to go about enjoying this. It's the opening of Basil Bunting's *Briggflatts,* a celebration by a Northumbrian poet in his sixties of a Northumbrian village with just four houses: which village denotes origins, all that roots mean, all that can be returned to, all that can neither be returned to nor forgotten.

The short harsh words (have thirty pages ever exhibited so many monosyllables?) are a stark speech reaching back to Eric Bloodaxe; lovingly heard, lovingly set into lines ("laying the tune frankly on the air"), they make a wiry texture of sound, utterly new, that comes with the authority of some lost tradition.

*Decay thrusts the blade,*
*wheat stands in excrement*
*trembling. Rawthey trembles.*
*Tongue stumbles, ears err*
*for fear of spring. . . .*

We are meant to discriminate the sound of four monosyllables, "ears err for fear," hear them bracketed by assonantial "tongue" and "spring," and trace the sound of the interposed "stumbles" back through "trembles" and "trembling" to a root in the terminal syllable of "excrement." We are meant, that is, to pay attention to the aural identities of simple words, of many such words at once. The patterning of sound is a homage to the words, an affection for the words, an eliciting of their sound on a northern tongue; the words themselves—bull, pebble, black, may—are a precious heritage. (The French, for instance, must make do with *taureau, caillou, noir, aubepine.*)

THE TAX so diverse a sonic patterning lays on our attention—on attention lulled for instance by the habit



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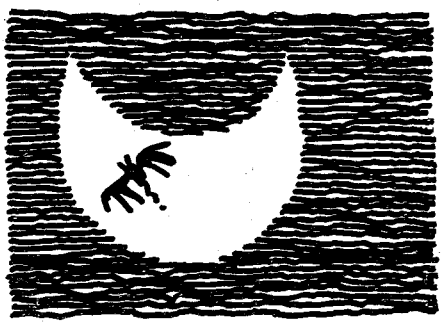

of hearing words sound only in the manner of Tennysonian set-pieces:

*The moan of doves in immemorial elms*
*And murmuring of innumerable bees*

—grows lighter with custom. The same is true of listening to a music —Scarlatti's, for instance—which patterns many crisp individual notes. Mr. Bunting has spoken of *Briggflatts* as the culmination of a long effort to shape something fit to exist in the same universe with Scarlatti's sonatas, and just past its mid-point the poem incorporates an explicit homage:

*As the player's breath warms the fipple the tone clears.*
*It is time to consider how Domenico Scarlatti*
*condensed so much music into so few bars*
*with never a crabbed turn or congested cadence,*
*never a boast or a see-here; and stars and lakes*
*echo him and the copse drums out his measure,*
*snow peaks are lifted up in moonlight and twilight*
*and the sun rises on an acknowledged land.*

It's a consonantal music, as Scarlatti's is a music of plucked strings. A word's identity is in its pattern of consonants, as the telephone book demonstrates by abbreviating plmbr, bookpr. A Tennysonian fulsomeness with vowels, on the other hand, affronts, blurs, swamps, melts, conceals the words; submerges them in modulated sound; deplores consonants and cannot abide sibilants; wishes English were a dialect of Italian.

Bunting's celebrations of identity, each word audibly, lexicographically, the word it is, are continuous with his theme, the identity of a village in time, of a language persisting in time; the identity of the man who returns, despite all he has undergone, with the man who left. With years in France and in Italy and at sea and in Persia marking his mind and his body, it is still to the English monosyllable as to a tonic that his speech returns:

*Drip—icicle's gone.*
*Slur, ratio, tone,*
*chime dilute what's done*
*as a flute clarifies song,*
*trembling phrase fading to pause*
*then glow. Solstice past,*
*years end crescendo.*

The Latin and Italian words, like Mediterranean and Eastern experiences, merely sharpen stubborn native identities.

If there's a hope just now for English poetry—poetry written in England—it's here, in this return to actual plain speech (not "simplicity": Bunting isn't an easy poet). Poetry (Donne, Johnson) specializes the language people speak; then forms a "school" (Herbert, Carew) and goes academic (Cleveland). Discriminations are often tricky; Dryden contains oratory, Pope speech. The twentieth-century phase took its beginnings (Pound, Eliot) in a speech accessible to international criteria; passed into a "school" (Auden the accomplished derivation from Eliot, as the early Bunting from Pound); and is now in an academic degeneracy that can be inspected in the verse in any issue of, say, the *Listener*.

The next step is always a recall to speech, the kind of recall Apollinaire effected in the very lifetime of Valéry, when Symbolism was growing hermetic. This is normally the office of young men. It is Bunting's unique distinction that he has opened, in his seventh decade, a new career, after being in his forties the most accomplished school-of-Pound poet alive. It's ultimately Pound's lesson he is now rethinking in local conditions, the speech of the places of his boyhood, the here-and-now he spent a lifetime leaving behind him: the lesson of the exact, the local, the word that names, the thing that is what it is. There is more to be learned about poetry from *Briggflatts* than from most anthologies. Pending an American publisher with intelligence, American readers will have to learn it after sending 10 shillings ($1.40) to the Fulcrum Press, 16 Lawn Road, London N.W. 3.

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Road to City Hall: *How John V. Lindsay Became Mayor*, by Barbara Carter (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). What an embarrassing little book. Of its eight chapters, John Lindsay gets one, the Democrats four, Bill Buckley one and the transit strike two (the transit strike *after* JVL became mayor). Lindsay's is headed, "How did Lindsay do it?" and submits these data: "Bobby soxers loved him, young mothers loved him, old women loved him, young Democrats loved him, and even Republicans loved him." Some other bright passages: "If Buckley hadn't run, Beame would be living in Gracie Mansion today." Or, "It could well be that the Democrats lost the election when Beame won the primary . . . more likely the Democrats lost the election the moment Wagner withdrew." "Lindsay was promising a new order." "[Lindsay] was the most promising candidate the city had ever seen." "To Governor Robert Smylie of Idaho, Lindsay's victory showed that Conservative 'spite' like William Buckley's 'just didn't work.'" "At last look . . . actor Ronald Reagan, a staunch Goldwater supporter, had won the Republican nomination for Governor of California." Read it here first. The only explanation I can thumbsuck is that Prentice-Hall dusted off an old manuscript when it was conjectured that if not



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Romney, and if not Rocky, and if not Percy, then maybe . . .

N. B. FREEMAN

THE ELEPHANT VALLEY, by Finis Farr (Arlington, $5.00). What happens to the Veteran CIA agent who has a nervous breakdown? When David Bell, a high-ranking "Company" man, is sent to New York on a mysterious assignment some months after the brutal and senseless murder of his wife, he reaches the conclusion that he and his kind have been exiled to a sort of "elephant valley," there, like the dying pachyderm, to while away their last days—at no danger to the Firm—at espionage "make-work." But is the New York job a phony? Or is New York where the action really is? Just when David thinks he has figured out his new role, he meets "the Colonel." The Colonel represents himself as "the Director"—the whole massive ponderous operation in McLean, Virginia, he tells David, is nothing but flimflam. And things—violent, ugly things—start to happen to David as he discovers that the American pacifist-*cum*-Communist-leanings type he has been instructed to get close to plans to blow up an American atomic plant, and possibly start World War III. Time is short. With the bad guys hard upon him, David flies to Washington and tries to get someone, anyone, in the Pentagon, the Bureau, the White House, the Company to believe his story. But they all dismiss him as giggle-house candidate—and the bomb ticks away. To be perfectly frank, Finis Farr's ingeniously plotted story is so ingeniously plotted that it lost me: I'm still not sure which is the Director. But the story is gripping, and I don't really care. Mr. Farr has something a lot of practitioners of the spy-thriller genre have not. He can write and the people he writes about you care about. P.L. BUCKLEY

MANHATTAN PROJECT, by Stephane Groueffe (Little, Brown, $6.95). Like its pyrotechnic consequences, the successful completion of the Manhattan Project (the development of the atomic bomb) was the product of a chain reaction—in this case, an incredible complex politico-military-scientific concatenation. Such a catalogue of facts might well be as drab as a pedant's diary, but Mr. Groueff has skilfully resurrected not only the disciplined chaos and frenetic innovation which characterized the Project, but also revived the human drama of the great discovery of this century. The concept "interesting" seldom dovetails with the concept "erudite," but *Manhattan Project* is a vigorous exception to this unhappily consistent law of historical journalism. It is popular without being patronizing, scholarly without starchiness, and very much worth the reader's well-focused attention. J. D. KIRWAN

EDITH HAMILTON—AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT, by Doris Fielding Reid (Norton, $5.00). For the countless readers who have appreciated Edith Hamilton's books over the years, a portrait of that great lady done in uniquely unsentimental brush strokes by one who knew her well and with whom she shared a home for the last forty years of her life. "Bullied" by admiring friends into beginning her first book when she was sixty years old, she traveled to Greece in her ninetieth year to attend the performance of her translation of the *Prometheus Bound* and was pronounced a citizen of Athens. She was an intense woman with an astonishing faculty of concentration. Though she was perfectly at home with Plato and Aeschylus, as her writings so eloquently attest, this first biography reveals her abiding interest in others, her complete accessibility, and an unexpected flair for cooking. Her opinions on travel, the sea, gardening, children and education are all here, and the final chapter records her deep convictions regarding the "reality of God."

M. WARD

LETTERS TO CHILDREN, by Beatrix Potter (Walker, $3.00; paper, $1.75). Fortunate indeed were the three children to whom Miss Potter at the turn of the century penned these letters with her inimitable drawings interwoven with her writing on almost every page. The nine letters reproduced in facsimile in this tasteful little volume will now delight a much wider audience of all ages. Prepared by Philip Hofer, the owner of the letters, as a tribute to Miss Potter on the centenary of her birth, the monograph points out the genesis in the letters of stories and drawings that appeared in her books, including the famous sketch of Peter Rabbit carrying his "extra" coat over his shoulder. E. MERRITT


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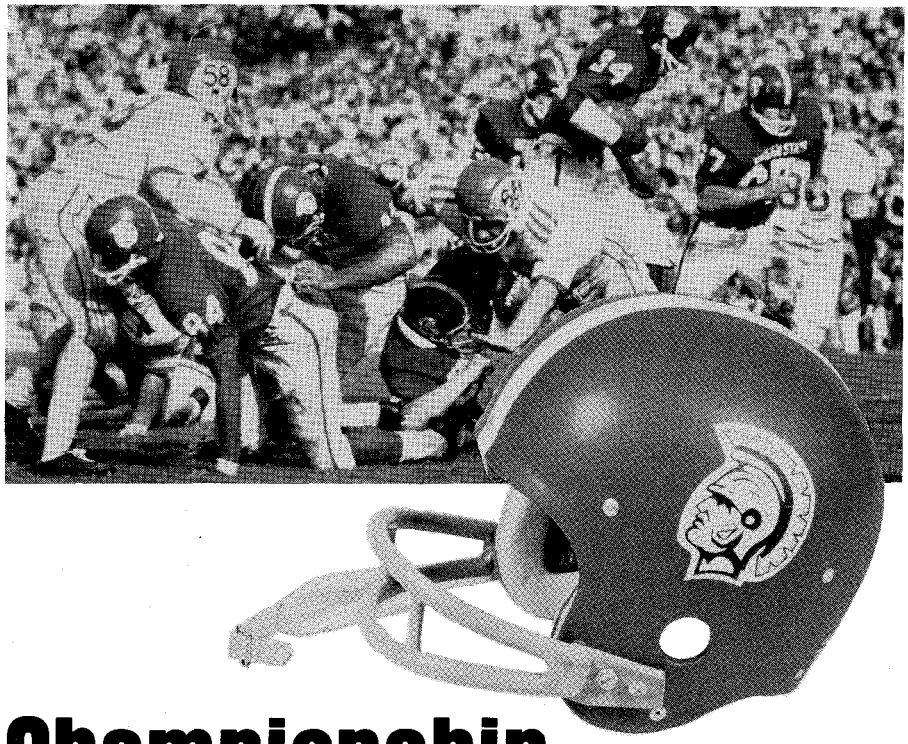

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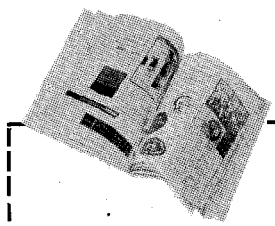

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## BURNHAM

(Continued from p. 1164)

the revolution.

The Vietnam war is a critical test of the vitality of the revolution. I am sure it is true, as the experts have said, that many Russian Communists are unhappy about the Vietnam war, and would like nothing better than to wash their hands of it. Certainly it is a heavy cost, directly and indirectly, to Russia, which operates with a much narrower margin than ours, as are Cuba, Egypt, Algeria and many another of the revolutionary candidates. But the Russian Communists cannot help themselves. Vietnam today is the primary focus of the revolution. All Communists and all Communist nations, no matter what their conflicts among themselves, are drawn ineluctably into the common revolutionary front we face in Southeast Asia. The Vietnam war is a full proof that the revolution is neither dead nor tamed.

But the Vietnam war, if the most concentrated, is only one focus among the many of the moment. Elsewhere in this issue, we report the present course of the revolution on every continent and in many nations. It is far too soon on the historical calendar for the funeral dirge, nor has it yet been decided for whom it will be sung.

## LETTERS

(Continued from p. 1150)

tant areas. First, in accepting several fundamental premises of liberalism (i.e. the nonexistence of the supernatural and the ultimacy of the human mind) Miss Rand has defeated the liberal, so to speak, on his own ground. Collectivism, it has been assumed, is the only logical outgrowth of materialism. Ayn Rand has arisen to proclaim that not only is collectivism incompatible with materialism, it is the antithesis of a truly materialistic world-view. While as Christians we emphatically reject materialism per se, the existence of a "ruling intelligentsia" of Objectivists would be much preferable to the present regime of collectivists, Marxists, and assorted nihilists.

Secondly, in understanding Miss Rand's view of Christianity, it must be admitted that much of what has been historically represented as Christianity bears little resemblance to the unique truths divinely revealed in the pages of the New Testamnt. Much of medieval Christianity was indeed "mysticism" at its worst.

Mr. Evans' observations need to be heeded by all well-meaning, would-be Randians. Ayn Rand has raised the



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standard of anti-collectivism, appealing to those, who, I am afraid, want to fight Communism and its attendant evils without subscribing to the Christian moral code. Her "Objectivist morality" is, in reality, subjective in the extreme. It is indeed a new morality, and possibly a very dangerous one.

*Virginia Beach, Va.* MICHAEL L. ISBELL

### *Errata Et Cetera*

Catching up on the *NR*s I missed while wandering about, I note an awkward error in my article, "McNamara's Non-War" [*NR*, Sept. 19]. "A massively stepped-up air war," listed in the next to last paragraph as the second of the "four alternatives for Vietnam," has "a reasonable chance," according to the printed text, to "bring an acceptable result with an extreme risk." This should read, as the previous discussion explains, "with*out* an extreme risk."

And, by the way, I was startled to discover that in the next issue [Oct. 3] Garry Wills had committed a logical fallacy. He quotes Svetlana as writing, "God grants an easy death only to the just," and continues: 'This excludes from the ranks of the just that man who went to his perpendicular death in agony. . . .' But of course it doesn't. Logically, Svetlana's statement means only that no one who is unjust has an easy death, not that all the just do. The proposition, "All who have an easy death are just" is, logically, altogether distinct from the proposition, "All the just have an easy death," as everyone will recognize by considering the formally identical proposition, "All dogs are four-legged." Svetlana's actual statement is no doubt false, but it is not as grossly undiscerning as the opinion Garry attributes to her.

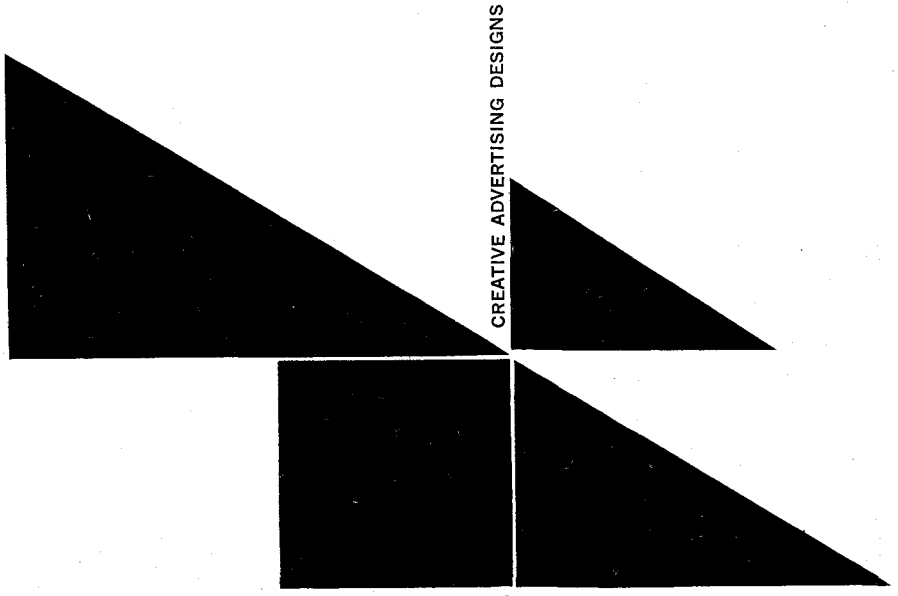
And oh yes, reverting to *NR* Sept. 19, whom is responsible for that directive in "The NR Poll": "Please list the five men whom—as of right now—you consider the *leaders* contending for the Republican Presidential nomination . . ."?

*Kent, Conn.* JAMES BURNHAM

### *McCaffrey on Music*

Neil McCaffrey—now *there's* a music critic I wouldn't mind my grandmother going out with! They can spend the evening in his Jack Benny vault listening to old shellacs; me, I'll stick to "non-music excreted by perverts" [*NR*, Oct. 31], thanks very much. I know the type—he heard a rock song eight or nine years ago and Didn't Like It. To be sure, much of today's rock is badly done; much more is filled with routine generational revolt (to which Mr. McCaffrey can only respond with routine curmudgeonisms)—but it's an interesting time to be listening, if one is excited by things other than the fact that June and Moon rhyme.

*Hazelton, Ind.* FERRIS CORK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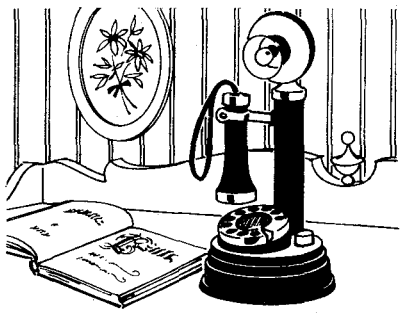

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| b) Paid Circulation | | |
| 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: | 12,071 | 12,600 |
| 2. Mail subscriptions: | 80,285 | 78,487 |
| c) Total paid circulation: | 92,356 | 91,087 |
| d) Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means | 1,520 | 1,642 |
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) J. P. McFadden
Assistant Publisher


**SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Oct. 17)**
**WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY: WHAT'S ETHICAL?**

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# TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

**DEFINITIONS**

A. One of the majority members of the Social Democratic party in Russia, 1903-1917

B. Painless death

C. One of the "'re-publics of the Soviet Empire

D. Soviet political leader died 1936

E. Communist popular song

F. City near Boston

G. One-time historical figure in U.S.S.R.

H. Preferring casual or outdoor life

I. A goal of communism

J. City in U.S.S.R., south of Moscow, near Ukraine

K. Karl Marx' collaborator

L. First name, famous mystery author

M. Pamphlet by Marx and Engels

**WORDS**

122 27 90 190 203 209 224 230 17 56

142 25 64 84 129 147 191 88 225 4

172 139 106 218 42 35

132 98 71 188 157 167 204 193

146 11 41 55 127 136 171 208 217 179 37

44 76 92

166 7 215 192 57 36 144

180 103 50 13 140 125

202 81 58 105 8 149

73 10 26 39 61 80 91 120 126 148 165

181 207 223 232

89 150 101 199 79 184

102 5 14 46 72 75 82 94 104 108 19

128 159 2 21

119 138 135 85 153 145

9 200 6 45 107 111 131 168 173 178 183

229 18 63 29 67 83 99

**DEFINITIONS**

N. Respect or regard

O. City in U.S.S.R., south of Moscow, near Ukraine

P. River and mountains, both partly in Arkansas

Q. Communist presidential candidate, U.S

R. Organization for promoting violent revolution (short form)

S. What Lenin and his gang had against them

T. Type of anti-knock fluid

U. Socrates' bitter half

V. Device to keep people inside peoples' paradise

W. Country in Europe

X. English merchant and philanthropist (1819-1899)

Y. To teach, instruct, or school

Z. Agreed (or dozed off)

a. Overturned

b. Brought about

**WORDS**

24 222 219 59 133 163

51 86 15 118 158 185 47 151

62 228 197 112 220 48 16 213

201 156 211 169 95 187

34 231 164 52 60 160 121 198 116

70 77 38 196

87 97 65 174 3

93 20 53 214 176 113 28 170 66

110 32 74 100 161 189 195 212 1 22 43

155 78 68 114 123 130

175 23 152 115

186 134 205 54 30 117 124

206 162 137 141 177 182

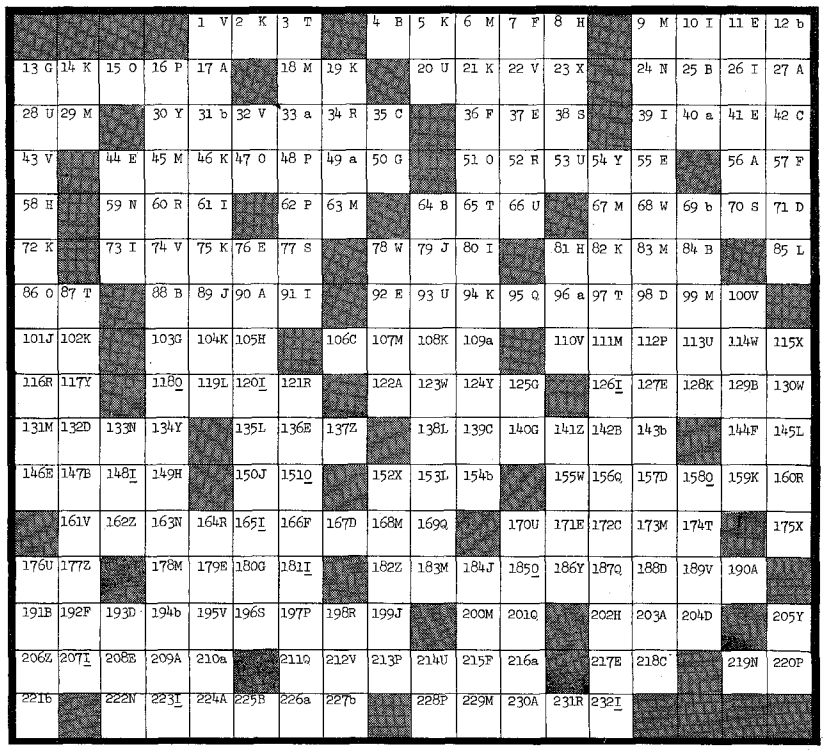
49 40 96 216 33 109 226 210

154 12 31 221 69 227 194 143

See page 1222 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

**DIRECTIONS**

*The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*



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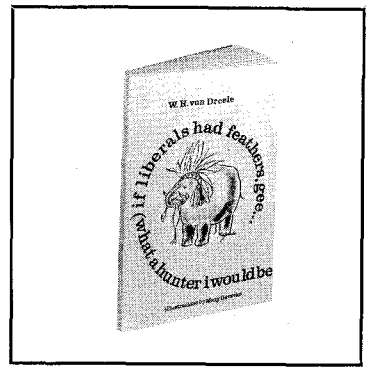
See Bobby.
See Bobby's garters.
Bobby is making a speech.
Will the New York **Times** report
Bobby's speech?
Will you please stop asking
stupid questions?

See George Romney.
George is knitting a sampler.
Why does the sampler say "Mother"?
Is it because only "Mother" will
vote for George?

See the book.
It is a happening book.
W. H. von Dreele wrote it.
See the funny elephant.
Mary Gauerke drew the funny
elephant.




See LBJ.
He is in the funny book.
So is Rocky. Lots of funny
people are in the book.
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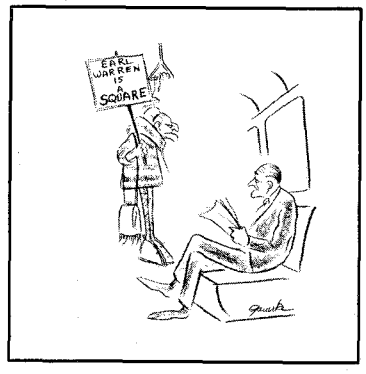
Do you
want the funny, naughty book?
See the coupon. Fill it out.

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# FOR THE RECORD

■ Is the Revolution dead? Here are some reports on the Communist espionage front of the past fortnight. Vienna: authorities report Polish neurologist Dr. **Stanislaw Wawrzynczyk,** who defected a year ago, has disappeared. Three members of the Polish embassy staff raided his apartment and removed all papers and articles of value. Dr. Wawrzynczyk has since been reported in Warsaw. . . . Rome: *Il Tempo* reports that South Korean professor **Anthony Lee,** found mysteriously poisoned in Milan on Sept. 13, had been pressured to head up a North Korean espionage network, and had refused. . . . Paris: *Le Figaro* has identified Soviet First Secretary **Ivan Chichkine,** who took prominent part in whisking would-be Soviet defector **Vladimir Tkachenko** back to Moscow from London, as the key man in the **Gary Powers-Rudolf Abel** exchange in 1962. *Figaro* says Chichkine was the chief KGB agent in Western Europe at that time. . . . Bonn: Five Communist spies are arrested; a woman in the case commits suicide. . . . Moscow: The British embassy reports **Sean Bourke,** the Irishman who helped engineer British spy **George Blake**'s escape from Wormwood Scrubbs prison a year ago, turned up at the embassy a week or so ago to ask how he could get back to England. He never returned. George Blake, says the embassy, is also in Moscow. . . . Mexico City: *Ultimas Noticias* reports that **Jacques Mornard, Trotsky**'s assassin, was sighted recently in Prague. . . . Berlin: So many East German border guards (Vopos) have escaped West that travelers report their units are now bolstered by Soviet soldiers, wearing East German uniforms.

■ **Bertram D. Wolfe** (*Three Who Made a Revolution: Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin*) reports he sees no liberalization in Soviet society fifty years after the revolution. In a symposium at the Hoover Institution, Wolfe added: "All that is operating now is the Law of Diminishing Dictators." . . . . In London, the **Foreign Affairs Circle** will hold a Memorial Rally for the Victims of Communism at Albert Hall on the eve of the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. . . . In the U.S., **Citizens for Freedom** has called on all Americans to observe November 7 as a day of prayer and mourning for the victims of Communism.

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***"Not to be resuscitated."***

■ **Stokely Carmichael**'s latest port of call is Guinea, where he proposes to brief left-leaning President **Sékou Touré** on the plight of American Negroes. Stokely has touched down in Cuba, North Vietnam, Algeria, Egypt and Syria—all enemies of the U.S. . . . In Cuba, Stokely reportedly visited the Estrella Beach camp where an estimated 200 American Negroes are being trained in techniques of subversion and terror. . . . A post-mortem on the National Conference for a New Politics in Chicago in *New Left Notes* (newspaper of the SDS) concludes: "Maybe the lesson is that, for a while, whites and blacks must organize separately in order to organize at all." . . . Last minute delicacy: **Barbara Garson** withdrew permission for an eighty-minute taped radio version of *MacBird!* to be broadcast in Hungary because, she said, she was afraid European audiences would "misinterpret the real aims and essence of the political skit."

■ Scheduled for Oct. 26: a meeting in New York in tribute to the late **Che Guevara.** Money will be raised to pay defense expenses of Guevara's French friend, **Régis Debray,** who is being tried as a guerrilla in Bolivia. Che's diary said of Debray: "[He] demonstrates great intellectual capacity, but he is deficient in the [armed] struggle." Another entry in diary indicated Guevara wanted out, had tried to bribe a peasant woman to guide him out of the country. . . . Purged: 40,000 Cuban officials who have been sent to work in factories and fields in crackdown on "bureaucratism."

■ Barry Goldwater, who is in daily communication with fighting men in Vietnam (he contacts them by short-wave, passes messages on to their families), convinced we are now winning the war. . . . **Vietcong defections** since 1963, when allies initiated a program to aid defectors, have now topped 60,000. . . . The Army reports that three times as many Negroes are re-enlisting as are white soldiers. . . . In hot and heavy congressional debate over Vietnam earlier this month Rep. **Claude Pepper** (D., Fla.) suggested a thirty-day pause in the "bombing" of the Administration by liberal doves.



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